

# The SIGN



*National Catholic Magazine*



<b>Belloc the Great</b>	<i>John B. Kennedy</i>
<b>Philosophies Behind the War</b>	<i>Louis J. A. Mercier</i>
<b>Willkie Meets "The Champ"</b>	<i>John C. O'Brien</i>
<b>The Last Gun Shot</b>	<i>E. Francis McDovitt</i>
<b>Pope Pius XII and the War</b>	<i>Denis Gwynn</i>

*September 1940*

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# Personal MENTION

• NEW and frightful methods of slaughter have captured the headlines in Europe's present conflict. But military men and civilians alike realize that the deeper struggle lies in the *Philosophies Behind the War*.

Eminently qualified to probe into these causes is LOUIS J. A. MERCIER who came from France to enter St. Ignatius College, now part of Loyola University,

Chicago. After teaching there he was Fellow in Romance Languages at the University of Chicago and also Columbia University. He became Head of the French Department at the Francis W. Parker School, Chicago, taught at the University of Wisconsin, was called to Harvard, and served as Interpreter with the British Expeditionary Force in the World War. Now he is Associate Professor of



Louis J. A. Mercier

French and Education at Harvard. His book in French on the American Humanist Movement was crowned by the French Academy. His *Challenge of Humanism* was published by the Oxford Press. He has also published several French textbooks. A frequent contributor to Catholic magazines, he is associate editor of *The New Scholasticism* and of *Education*.

• WITH a salute to *Belloc the Great*, JOHN B. KENNEDY makes his first contribution to THE SIGN. His subject is a happy choice, since no publication in America has done more to make the great English historian known. For years Belloc's series of articles have been followed by readers of these pages.

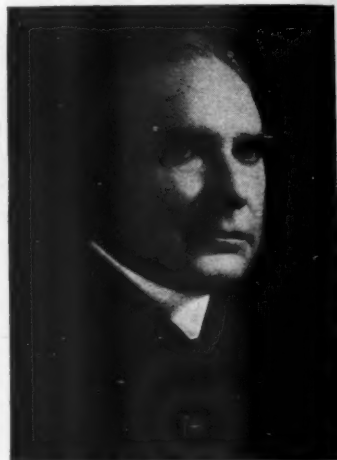
The popular radio commentator who reveals his personal observations on Hilaire Belloc is Canadian born. His interesting career has included journalistic experience in Canada, England, and the United States, and the activities of a correspondent in the World War. In 1921 he founded and became editor of *Columbia*. He was also associate editor of *Collier's*. An article by

John B. Kennedy on Joyce Kilmer will appear in the pages of THE SIGN shortly.

• NEW YORK metropolitan fans who have rooted for the "Rams," and others who have read of their athletic prowess, may not be acquainted with the splendid scholastic record of the Alma Mater of these young men. In *Fordham*

—*the First Century*, FR. CHARLES J. DEANE, S.J. tells the story of the growth of one of our honored American institutions of Catholic education.

The author, Vice-President and Secretary - General of Fordham University, was born in Cheshire, Connecticut, and graduated from Cheshire High School. Entering Fordham College with the class of 1906, he left before the completion of his course and entered the Society of Jesus. After teaching in Fordham Preparatory School and Fordham College and being moderator of the Athletic Association for four years, he became Dean of the College in 1925 and held that post until 1938 when he was made Vice-President and Secretary-General.



Fr. Charles Deane, S.J.

• THE old adage "Let the buyer beware" has been largely forgotten under the barrage of publicity which beats down sales resistance for the advance of best sellers. One movement which aims at restoring a sense of values in book reading is *The Critics' Forum*.

Sponsor and promoter of this activity, which we hope will spread rapidly, is FR. JOHN K. CARTWRIGHT, pastor of the Immaculate Conception Church, Washington, D.C. His higher studies were made in his home town of Baltimore at Loyola, St. Charles Seminary, and later at the North American College and University of Propaganda in Rome. To his pastoral activities he has added interests in Newman Clubs, the Catholic Press Movement, historical studies and literary affairs.



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# The SIGN

Vol. 20 · No. 2

September · 1940

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Cover Drawing "Christ in the School" by Mario Barberis

THE SIGN, a monthly publication, is owned, edited and published at Union City, N. J., by the Passionist Fathers. (Legal Title—Passionist Missions, Inc.) Subscription price \$2.00 per year, in advance; single copies, 20c. Canada, \$2.00 per year; Foreign, \$2.50 per year.

All checks and money orders should be made payable to THE SIGN. All cash remittances should be registered.

Manuscripts should be addressed to the Editor. They should be typewritten, and accompanied by return postage. All accepted manuscripts are paid for on acceptance without reference to time of publication.

Subscriptions, Advertising and Business Matters should be addressed to the Business Manager. Advertising rates on application. Requests for Renewals, Discontinuance, change of address should be sent in at least two weeks before they are to go into effect. Both the old and the new address should always be given. Phone—Union 7-6893.

Entered as Second-Class Matter, September 20, 1921, at the Post Office at Union City, N. J., under the act of March 3, 1879. Accepted for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Par. 4—Sec. 538, Act of May 28, 1925.

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 1940

# EDITORIAL

## The Presidential Campaign



**I**MAGINE the sensation which would be caused at the launching of a new navy vessel, if an official statement read: "This boat is probably one of those which will be sunk in the battle of Honolulu or Boston or Norfolk." Unpleasant but realistic, such a declaration would make us aware of the fact that we are preparing a larger fleet not for summer cruises but for the dangerous task of defending our shores. Equally serious are our intentions in stepping up plane production and in training and equipping an army.

Yet so much stress has been placed on arms as the defense of democracy that we are in grave peril of forgetting the essential bulwarks for our form of government and our way of life. There may be battles in the Canal Zone, or in our island possessions or on our shores and city streets. But the struggle for democracy will have been won or lost before any invader can push us to the wall.

The home, the school, the press, the pulpit and—not least—the ballot box will decide whether or not our Government and our Constitution shall perish. For on these institutions, in which we express ourselves and our ideals and on which we count for the preservation of our values, do we depend for continued existence as a free and self-ruled people.

Democracy can be more damaged by a demagogue than by a dive-bomber, and patriotism can perish more quickly under the attacks of a vitiated press than before an onslaught of tanks. Our homes can build sturdy citizens, or nurture discontented youths who will have neither the will nor the understanding to defend what our forefathers considered a sacred and imperishable heritage.

**T**HESE truths call for emphasis now. While the European war grows more furious, we at home are faced with a presidential campaign. We are in the habit of laughing at the antics of some politicians, of discounting the pledges of those who seek office, of hearing with stupid assertions and crude accusations.

While there is little hope of dignity descending on small party camp followers, we are hopeful that—in these months of crisis—the clowning and mud-slinging will be reduced to a minimum.

There are few countries left on this earth where men may pick their leaders and, in a sense, freely chart their destinies. In this hour of peril we wish to know what each candidate is thinking and just what he plans

to do in the event of his election. There are issues which the future holds concealed. They must be met as they arise. There are others on which decisions must shortly be made. The answers to these should not be shrouded in nebulous rhetoric. This is a time for definite and fearless statements.

Party organization and presidential powers have been so strengthened that candidates for our highest office are no longer mere symbols of political differences. They represent a potential authority that will directly affect millions of lives. Now, before that authority is in their hands, is the time for them to define their policies and to reveal their minds fully to the American people.

**T**HE radio, the press, rallies, local and national organizations—all will play a part on both sides in the campaign. September should see the opposing parties lined up for the serious effort of capturing our votes. Never in our history have the American people been in a better position to learn more speedily of the actions and pronouncements of the two presidential candidates.

If we are to look upon the campaign as a boresome business which does not concern us, we are unfaithful to our duties as American citizens. We should then be avoiding an intelligent preparation for the use of our great privilege—that of voting.

All of us are conscious of weaknesses and mistakes in our present-day democracy. But alertness and intelligent energy can correct these. The faults lie not so much in the system as in ourselves. And these faults will not be rooted out by leaving the job to our neighbor. It is a work in which all should share, since all will be affected.

While debate waxes hot over machines which are to perish, and over military forces which are to use them, let us not forget the importance and power of our vote. On its proper exercise more will depend than on the billions which are about to be poured out for the defense of our nation, for defense is only one of the problems which confront us.

*Father Theophane Maguire O.P.*



# Current FACT AND COMMENT

Nor since those fateful days in early 1917 when the United States hovered on the brink of war has American public opinion been so aroused by the impetus of

## Americans on Foreign Affairs

foreign events. From Senators to scrubwomen, from college professors to street cleaners, Americans have suddenly become specialists in foreign affairs. Most Americans have very definite and decided ideas on what American foreign policy should be, on whether or not we need conscription, on the probability of Hitler attacking this country, on the best American defense policy, and on various other related subjects.

This is as it should be in a democracy, where the people rule through their elected representatives. The variety of views is not harmful, but as in all cases of controversy there is a tendency for opinions to become crystallized at opposite extremes. There are indications that this is just what is taking place in the current discussions of American defense policy. And these indications of extreme views come, not merely from the man in the street, but from the discussions being carried on in Congress, in the press, on the radio, and on the public platform.

At the one extreme are those who tell us that Hitler is in no sense a threat to the United States. He has neither the desire nor the means of conquest in the Western Hemisphere. The war going on now is a purely European squabble which we can afford to ignore. At the other extreme are those who picture Hitler as if his mechanized legions were already at our very doors, as if his air armada already cast its shadow over Greenland and Labrador, and his planes were zooming from imaginary bases in the Caribbean toward the Panama Canal.

IN THE light of recent events it is absurd to believe that Hitler regards himself any longer—if he ever did—as merely the liberator of the German people, or as the

## Hitler a Would-Be World Conqueror

leader of a strictly national movement. His ends are no longer limited to the breaking of the chains that bound Germany, nor to the destruction of the order set up at Versailles, nor to the modification of the traditional balance of power in Europe. It is a mistake—and a serious mistake—to regard Hitlerism as merely "Kaiserism with bad manners." It is a lot more than that—and a lot worse.

Nazism is a revolutionary movement which has conquered Germany, has welded it into an ideological unit, and from its immense resources has created a vast mili-

tary machine. With this military machine as its instrument Nazism has set out to create a new European and world order. Nazism has borrowed many ideas from its fellow-revolutionary movement—Communism. The idea of boring from within it has put into effect through Fifth Column activities. The Communist tactic of the united front it has adapted by making the Reich the head of a coalition of totalitarian states, all interested in overthrowing the present world order, and all hopeful of benefiting by the new arrangement. By attacks from within, through Fifth Column activities, and from without by the greatest military machine the ingenuity of man has ever created, Hitler hopes to conquer the world just as he has conquered the European continent, and to establish everywhere the political, economic, and military supremacy of the German race. To the Nazi, "*Deutschland Ueber Alles*" is not a sentimental exaggeration any more than is the marching song of the German soldier: "Today we own Germany, tomorrow the whole world."

If Hitler beats Britain, the United States will be the last of the hated democracies to stand in the way of his triumphal march to world domination. The probability of an attack on us in that case is in direct proportion to the probability of its success. The only prudent course for us to follow is to reduce, as quickly and effectively as possible, the probability of success.

IF IT IS erroneous to think that Hitler has no designs on the Western Hemisphere, and the United States in particular, it is absurd to picture him as an immediate

## Hitler Attack on the United States

and overwhelming threat against which we must make frantic preparations, even at the cost of setting up here the totalitarianism we would combat. We are not at all in the position of France or of England, contiguous to Germany, or separated from German-held territory by a narrow channel. Three thousand miles of ocean, even in these days of airplanes, constitute a formidable barrier against invasion and render this country much more "insular" than England.

Competent military authorities admit that a direct invasion of the United States is beyond the bounds of military practicability at the present time and probably will be for a long time to come. Even if the Germans win the war with the British Empire, they will have taken considerable punishment in the process and will need a long time to recover their strength and build up their resources, as well as to digest their tremendous gains.

The first requisite for invasion of the United States would be the destruction of our battle fleet and the pos-



session of air and sea bases near our coasts. On the basis of World War experience, it has been estimated that it would require 580 merchant ships totaling 3,600,000 tons, to transport 300,000 men across the Atlantic. And such an expedition would be exposed, over a course of more than 3,000 miles, to the danger of mines, submarines, warships, and airplanes. If such an expedition finally arrived, it would still have before it the difficult task of forcing a landing.

There is good reason for careful, long-term planning to build up American defenses, but there is no reason for panic or hysteria. We need a two-ocean navy, and a vast increase in the air force, to give us command of the sea and air approaches to this country. For this purpose we must acquire strategically located sea and air bases. We must acquire stock-piles of essential war materials for our military and industrial establishments. We must be able to stop any enemy before he reaches our shores. We do not need a vast conscript army, but rather a small highly mechanized and mobile force capable of swift action at any possible danger point.

THE immediate threat from Germany, and from a Europe organized and controlled by Germany, is economic and political. We have vast resources, unrivaled

### The Economic and Political Threat

productive capacity, and unequalled inventive genius. In these things we are superior to any country in Europe—or for that matter to any country in the world. But if Germany wins the war we shall no longer be dealing with a large number of competing economic units, separated from one another by high tariff walls and exchange controls. We shall be dealing with a *Europa Germanica*, a Europe of 400,000,000 people organized into an economic unit, under a controlled economy and a single customs union, and geared to efficient and large-scale industrial production. Such a Europe would constitute a very definite threat to our economic welfare and to our American standard of living.

Besides the economic threat there is the threat to our American institutions. There is a stampede among a few of our legislators in Washington to grant the President dictatorial powers. On the floor of the Senate and on the radio, Senator Pepper advocated granting the President war-time powers of conscripting United States industry. A great to-do has been made because peacetime conscription, unheard of in our history as a nation, has been delayed long enough for debate in Congress. The Senate Military Affairs Committee seemed to think that it would risk the safety of these United States by granting exemption from military service to priests and ministers of religion, and deferred status to divinity students. The saviors of our democracy outrun one another in the mad rush to abandon democracy.

When we have our boys and girls in training camps, our young men in the army, our unemployed on the W.P.A., the P.W.A., or in C.C.C. camps, our poor on relief, our middle-aged and old men registered for home defense, and our industries under government control, what will be left of our American democracy? All these things may be legal and constitutional, but it should never be forgotten that Hitler came to power in Germany by legal and constitutional means.

SINCE General Franco's rising against the Moscow-inspired Republican regime, Nationalist Spain has had not only a poor press, but for the most part an extremely hostile press. Unchecked and unfounded rumors of a kind that would put Spain in a bad light have been broadcast

### News Reports on Nationalist Spain

throughout the world by reputable news agencies and published as gospel truth by some of our most respectable newspapers. When it is discovered that they are false no effort whatever is made to correct the error.

There have been many reports lately of the large number of German troops in Spain. They were pictured first as a threat to France and then to Gibraltar. *The Tablet* of London, quoting the report of the correspondent of the *News Chronicle*, gives an incident which indicates how much truth there is in such reports. "A German mechanized column was to parade in San Sebastian. Authorization for the visit was given to the Germans by the local General on his own responsibility; and when General Franco heard of it, he cancelled the invitation, dismissed the General who had given it, and sent back to France such Germans as had arrived."

In any case, it is a mystery why Americans should become wrought up by a report that Franco might try to take Gibraltar. The British have about the same right there that they would have at Key West.

IN THE news reports from France there are many indications of the truth of the saying that God can bring good out of evil. There are numerous evidences

### Religious Renewal in France

that the calamity which has befallen France is bringing many back to a sense of their religious duties and is resulting in a recognition of the place religion should hold in public and private life. At Vichy, where formerly public processions were forbidden by the leftist government, there was a procession on the feast of the Assumption. The procession stretched through the streets for over a mile, and the bare-headed bystanders joined in singing the supplication: "God save France; do not abandon her."

Archbishop Saliège, of Toulouse, wrote as follows in a recent letter to the people of his archdiocese:

"Did we really work and pray hard enough? Have we made up for sixty years of national apostasy; sixty years when the French spirit succumbed to every disease of the mind; when the French will relaxed, morality dropped, and anarchy rose?

"For having excluded God from schools, public deliberations, and the nation, Lord forgive us.

"For having despoiled religion and the Church, Lord forgive us.

"For having opened and multiplied places of sin, Lord forgive us.

"For having encouraged an unwholesome and depraved literature, Lord forgive us.

"For the abuse of women's and children's work, Lord forgive us."

Can we Americans profess ourselves innocent of the sins to which the Archbishop of Toulouse confesses the guilt of the French people? Perhaps there is more than a lesson in defense to be learned from the French.



# Belloc the Great

By JOHN B. KENNEDY

I'VE heard an eminent churchman refer to Hilaire Belloc as the greatest living layman—and I hope the grand old man still lives to read these lines. A slightly less eminent cleric I once heard refer to Belloc as a "nut," and I know one almost eminent British statesman who dismissed Belloc's name as that of a nuisance, because Belloc had just told some uncomfortable truths about that British statesman's party's conduct of the war.

From my own privileged observation of Hilaire Belloc he is first a Christian gentleman, a thoroughly educated man, not so much in the sense that he has written a lot of books but that he can read and master any book to its bone-and-sinew theme or its fustian and flimsy. He is thoroughly educated in the sense that he knows exactly what to say in order to make the reader or hearer appreciate that he understands exactly what he is talking about. And he is a combination of spiritual modesty and virtuous pride that makes him truly great.

It's a mistaken impression that Belloc is a Frenchman. His native language is English. His sister, Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes, prolific author of mystery stories usually spiced with the most charmingly gruesome murders, is typically the British dowager. And with a bulldog glaring amiably at his heels and a bow-brimmed plug hat on his leonine head, Hilaire Belloc could easily be taken for the personification of John Bull.

Belloc went to Balliol, as he attests in his affectionately braggart poem about his old school: "Balliol Men." He flirted with the law, as aspirant not delinquent; then politics took hold of him after he had spent some time in the United States. He walked across the Continent and won a wife in Denver, an Irish-American girl who, unfortunately, passed on many years ago. The room in his Sussex home in which she died is held sacred to her memory, and there Belloc retires each night to recollect himself and to pray.

It's an event when you first meet Hilaire Belloc.

I had that privilege in a sturdy English pub off the Strand—the Green Dragon. Rumors reached New York that G. K. Chesterton, then convalescent from an illness that almost cost him his life, had been received into the Church. A cable



*Hilaire Belloc, doughty champion of the Faith, vigorous and active at seventy*

came telling me to check and file the story, if any. I didn't know Chesterton, except by his magnificent work. I knew Belloc and Maurice Baring and other men in London journalism who were his friends, so I called Belloc on the phone. He was then flourishing as the military expert of a weekly magazine called *Land and Water*, which came to enjoy a terrific circulation because of the demand for his opinions and comments on the progress or regress of Allied strategy during the first World War.

Belloc made the date at the pub. He boomed in, ruddy, hungry, and bearing a monumental umbrella against the non-stop London drizzle. He ordered cocktails from a person named Albert, who might have been a Tony Pastor period bartender with his luscious handle-bar whiskers. The cocktail was huge and warm, containing principally wine. Anyhow, it made me dizzy rather than drunk; but Belloc thrust a basket of biscuits at me, and then we rode on top of a bus and he told me that

it might be all for the best if I went to see Chesterton at his home in Beaconsfield the following day.

He bought me some excellent lunches at the Liberal Club and seemed proud and amused when I told him that he was regarded in New York—where the Hearst syndicate ran his wares—as the soundest of the European war commentators. I've often thought that if radio had been then operative what a tremendous feature Belloc would have become with his vast information, his energetic phrase, and his robust voice with its curiously Gallic flavor that is inheritance mostly and acquisition partly—he did serve as a volunteer with the French army.

There was a characteristic to be noted even by a gaping cub reporter—that this great man rarely spoke about himself, never unless asked some question. And unlike most Englishmen, he resented no question, however personal. I think what pleased him most was one day when I said I had read his beautiful book, *The Road to Rome*, a story of his literal pilgrimage on foot across the Alps to Rome. He lectured me severely on the benefits of walking and of pilgrimages, and advised that under no circumstances should a walk be undertaken—and by walk he meant at least two or three hundred miles—without sturdy boots and no socks whatever. "And always," he said, "walk with an objective. Don't just walk. Have somewhere to go, so that you'll occupy your mind with what you'll do when you get there. That is having a mission, not a mere hobby."

Without seeing him for years after, I followed his work. He was not always easy to read because he would never—as Chesterton did—play with style and around a topic. When Belloc took hold of something he worried it until he got its meaning himself and strove to get it over to the reader.

Read his essays *On Nothing* and you'll understand that he could have contempt for readers as well as writers. He progressed of course in

journalism, being lustily Catholic and contemptuous of the British plutocracy. They never really accepted him since he quit Parliament—where he had gone as a bright young Liberal—and branded the British parliamentary system a bit of a humbug. He didn't care. He made the aristocrats who owned the press pay him well for his work while openly regarding them as privileged pagans.

He knows thoroughly the history of Christian culture, a knowledge never better exemplified than in his book, *The Jews*, a work which he characteristically dedicated to his Jewish secretary, who must have enjoyed many a sly smile when she read and heard Belloc denounced as anti-Semitic. Belloc is friendly enough to the Jews to want them to have a principality or kingdom or republic of their own, as sovereign as any other.

His operative faith shines through all his work, even the semi-ribald *The Mercy of Allah*, as fine a sarcasm about self-made Midases as any man ever wrote, and also filled with what Hollywood technically terms "belly laughs."

You would hardly suspect, from the crystal profundity of Belloc's masterly biographies and studies of the era of the Faith, that he can clown; but read *The Mercy of Allah* and you'll find out.

Back in 1923 Belloc came over to America to lecture, as he did only two or three years ago at Fordham. The previous time the Knights of Columbus of Massachusetts took occasion to honor him. Their State Deputy, a bright and aggressive leader named William C. Prout, of athletic fame, decided that Cardinal O'Connell would cordially approve a lecture by Belloc in Boston under K. of C. auspices. Belloc accepted and the Cardinal said he would be pleased to attend. Mechanics' Hall was hired, the faculties of Harvard, Boston College, Massachusetts Tech and other schools invited, and word was sent through highways and byways of South Boston for the boys to turn out in full force. They did, packing the huge hall. But when the giant Belloc made his entry some of the boys evidently thought they were witnessing the arrival of a new European wrestler. They let out a huge, "Yea, Belloc!"

He bowed and dove into his dis-

course armed by a sheaf of notes on paper sheets cut like playing cards. He spoke for more than an hour on European culture, pronouncing Europe with a guttural rumble. The boys in the balcony took it nobly, although there were murmurs that the seats were growing intolerably hard. Later, when Mr. Belloc retired to his hotel, there was a knock on the door and two devout bootleggers entered with a satchel of Volstead contraband. Mr. Belloc graciously declined. It was Lent. He never drinks during Lent, but breaks just about even the rest of the year—at least he did in the days I knew him.

I wonder what Belloc would say about the culture of Europe now. Surely, he is not too old to say it, although the broadcasting companies have tried, without success, to get him to talk on the war. I suppose he is too overwhelmed.

Chesterton's death affected Belloc deeply, for he was G.K.C.'s senior. Their triumphs over the sniping wits of London, who called them the Chesterbelloc, were so complete that it was hardly sporting for them ever to engage in debate or argument. They were intellectually, humorously, learnedly, forensically, brilliantly so overpowering that nobody living could match them in the language they spoke and wrote.

We talk of our corner-cutting speed in getting things done. Hilaire Belloc was the fastest literary worker I ever saw. One day in a magazine office I told him I had only a limited budget—the usual gag with editors—but yearned for a piece from him. Belloc asked if a stenographer—he called it "typist"—were handy. The girl was with him no more than forty minutes, during which he dictated a masterly article.

**I**n the twilight of paganism that is descending again over the Christian world, we should remember that always the Church will have voices to speak. I have always wondered why the Lord, in His providence, should have given the two most eloquent Catholics of modern times to a Protestant country, Britain, that was practically pagan in practice until it had to stand up to the grimmer and ghastlier paganism of socialism out to slaughter.

There was a savage episode in his career, when he and Chesterton, irrevocably inseparable, faced prison,

and Chesterton's brother, Cecil, actually went there. This was known as the Marconi scandal. Cecil Chesterton set out in his paper, *The New Statesman*, supported by his brother and Belloc, to expose deals by which men in power in England hornwoggled government backing of private commercial interests. English libel laws are strict, and Cecil had to take it either on the lam or on the chin. He, being a Chesterton, preferred the chin. Belloc and Cecil's brother—Cecil died during the last war as a private soldier serving a government he contemned—carried on the fight and eventually vindicated Cecil's course. But the bitterness of the plutocrats against Belloc was astonishing. Both he and Chesterton found themselves not as acceptable in certain publications as they used to be. Neither cared.

Belloc is a simple giant of intellect who feels, and I say feels, not thinks, that the world must be lost without the Faith. That is his mission to the point of monotony—the Faith, the Faith, the Faith.

When we, three thousand and more miles away—nothing to the devils of distance we call airplanes—when we see the catastrophic cataclysm engulfing Europe, we know how right Belloc is.

John Stuart Mill, whom Belloc admires, said that war was not wholly waste—that in peacetime men consumed less than war devoured, but none the less consumed it. But John Stuart Mill never heard of the *Blitzkrieg*. Leonardo da Vinci said that when men could fly they would gain the nobility and grandeur of angels. But Leonardo da Vinci never saw a dive bomber in action.

Belloc has seen all these things and more, and still he iterates and reiterates the verdict that years and wisdom and erudition have brought him to—that only the Faith can console, only the Faith can save.

And I like best of all the bits of poetry I recite before audiences that may be more patient than particular. Belloc's nutshelling of the happy man's passage through life:

From humble home and first  
beginning

Out to the undiscovered ends  
There's little worth the wear of  
winning

Save laughter—and the love of  
friends.

# Philosophies Behind the War

By LOUIS J. A. MERCIER

THERE is no doubt that at the outbreak of the present European war there were needs of economic readjustments. Only international statesmanship of the highest order could have satisfied them. But behind the now desperate struggle of the democracies for survival, and stretching far back behind the scenes, there is an even greater conflict—a conflict of philosophies—still very imperfectly realized by many, and which may be stated as follows:

The Europe which emerged from the ruins of the Roman Empire was brought up on the belief—and until the eighteenth century in general continued to believe—that there is an objective morality based on the essence of an eternal God. Since the eighteenth century, there has been a gradual repudiation of that belief, so that codes of behavior have become subjective, and, among other evils, the way has been opened for the development of racial mysticism. The term "racial mysticism" is borrowed from a French writer, Ernest Seillière, now perpetual secretary of the French Academy of Political and Moral Sciences, whose lifework comprises more than sixty volumes with many especially devoted to the evolution of German thought.

Seillière's contention is that all men tend naturally to what may be called "imperialism," or a will to power. Moreover, experience teaches that this will to power tends to be exercised against the rights of others. Hence even pagan systems of morals were developed which preached moderation as with Aristotle, the distrust of passions as with the Stoics, while Oriental thought repudiated them completely.

To deify our lust of power and sensations is then not only to disown Christian thought but most of the pagan moral codes. And yet that is what the Occident has been doing since the eighteenth century. Briefly, the Lutheran doctrine of the complete perversity of human nature brought about a reaction leading to the contrary assertion of its total

goodness in the wake of Rousseau, and the repudiation of all Christian churches, Protestant as well as Catholic, by the Deists with Voltaire their most sardonic spokesman. All this, however, but prepared the way for German philosophy, which, with Kant, disparaged intellect in favor of feeling, and, with Fichte and Hegel, completed the radical revolution in western thought which meant ultimately the displacement of Christian thought through the substitution of a monistic philosophy denying that God and the universe were distinct. With Spinoza, it asserted that there was only one substance. With Hegel, the ultimate reality was held to be the absolute, not existing antecedently, but developing and realizing itself gradually in men through institutions, nations or races, art, religion, and philosophy.

Furthermore, there was the possibility that the doctrine of the realization of the absolute in a given race would be nationalistically interpreted, and that is precisely what happened in Germany. To quote a German authority, the late Professor Kuno Francke of Harvard, Fichte in his *Addresses to the German Nation* told the German people that they were "the only people who had preserved its nationality unadulterated, who possessed a truly national language and literature, the only one who believed in the spirit, in the infinite, in the divineness of man, the only people worthy of the name, *the people, the Urvolk*."

But it was in Hegel that the ruthless dynamism of this nationalistic mystical imperialism found its highest expression. As Hegel put it: "In universal history each nation in turn is dominant. Against this absolute right to be the bearer of the present stage of the development of the world-spirit, the spirits of the other nations are absolutely without right, they count no longer in universal history." (Cf. *Philosophie des Rechts*, s. 347). It should be added that Hegel, no less than Fichte, was convinced that the hour of Germany had come.

Here is where we see the atrocious

consequences of passing from a philosophy of eternal righteousness to a philosophy of total change. With a morality in process of becoming through struggle, the victorious nation represents the highest evolution of morality. And it may struggle the more ruthlessly to be victorious that weaker nations have no rights since they are guilty of opposing themselves to the realization of the ideal.

It should be evident that Hitlerism is wholly contained in these doctrines of Fichte and Hegel: The German people is *the* people; it is divine; it is to be victorious and to reorganize the world; and because of this mission other nations have no rights. Hence, logically, the utter scorn of other races, the persecutions, the further ruthlessness proclaimed as an ideal in the most bumptious terms, the insistence too that Germany was not defeated in the last war. As a Nazi Minister of Public Education expressed it: "Through National Socialism, race consciousness has been awakened and has become the source of a new life. It has driven out every other consciousness both of religion and of humanism. Race consciousness is a jealous divinity."

But are there any proofs of a continuance of influence from Fichte and Hegel to Hitler? The answer is that there are not only such proofs but that they form one of the most amazing stories on record. It may be followed in the works of Seillière and checked up through the original sources he indicates.

First of all, the influence of Hegel in the nineteenth century cannot be exaggerated. He rewrote the life of Christ in monistic terms, and so did his disciples Strauss and Renan, thus ushering in modernism. Schools of secular historians also followed in his wake, exalting the mission of the German people. Thus Seillière quotes from Heinrich Leo: "The Celtic race, whether in Ireland or France, has always been moved by a bestial instinct. On the contrary, the Germans never act except under the impulsion of thoughts and inspirations truly saintly."





German thought has developed a "racial mysticism" which deifies the lust for power and disowns the Christian moral code

But where the story of this influence becomes amazing is when we discover that the two Hegelians most responsible perhaps for the spread of the ideal of Pan-Germanism were a Frenchman and an Englishman, Le Comte de Gobineau, and Houston Stewart Chamberlain.

As Seillière explains, Gobineau had a mania for genealogy and traced his own to the Germans. Having read some of the Hegelian historians, he published in 1853 an *Essay on the Inequality of Human Races*. For him the Aryans, especially their German descendants, alone are "civilizing." About 1880, Gobineau met Richard Wagner, also influenced by Hegelianism, and Wagner as a consequence recommended his work in the *Bayreuther Blätter*.

To Bayreuth also came the younger Houston Stewart Chamberlain about the same time. He was later to marry Wagner's daughter. Born in 1855, the son of a British naval officer, brought up in France by his grandmother, sent to Ems in 1870, he saw the Prussian troops leaving for the Franco-Prussian war and realized that Germany would save him from feeling like a man without a country. He published, in German, books on Wagner, Kant, and Goethe. In 1899 ap-

peared, also in German, his *Foundations of the Nineteenth Century* which contains his whole doctrine. Hegelian at the core, it owes also a good deal to the influence of his original Protestantism.

According to Chamberlain, German thought is the heir of the sacred books of India. Christ was an Aryan persecuted by Jews who distorted His doctrine, as did later what Chamberlain calls the vile chaos of the Mediterranean peoples. Fortunately, this doctrine was taken up anew by the German mystics, Eckardt, Tauler, Suso, and Jacob Boehme, one of the inspirers of German romanticism. The mission of the German race in the twentieth century is then to continue to rid Aryanism of the contagion of the Jewish and Mediterranean elements. One of the disciples of Chamberlain, Ludwig Woltmann, picked up his idea that the great Italians of the Renaissance were geniuses because they were descended from the Lombards and Goths, and tried to prove from a study of physical traits that if the south of Europe had had great men, it was only in so far as they had German blood.

Were these ideas taken seriously in the German empire before the World War? It was known that William II had personally been interested in putting Chamberlain's book in public libraries, but there is now a much more complete and startling proof that not only was Chamberlain taken seriously but that he became one of the chief inspirers of the German emperor. Chamberlain died in 1927. Some of his correspondence was published in two volumes in 1928. It was then revealed that he exchanged numerous letters with William II from 1901 to 1923. Seillière analyzed them in his book *The Wisdom of Darmstadt* in 1929, but they are readily available in the original. They are most amazing and a few quotations can give but a faint idea of the fanatical tone of the originals.

In the first letter published, dated January 18, 1901, Chamberlain thanks the Emperor for a program of the two-hundredth anniversary of the Kingdom of Prussia, and writes: "I am convinced that the salvation of humanity is linked to the future of the German spirit. But this spirit, closely interwoven with the sublime speech in which a Luther, a Kant, a Goethe spoke to the world cannot do without might as its support . . . I

remain faithful to my English fatherland, yet I hope that Your Majesty will deign to see in me if not a subject at least a true and faithful servant."

In October of the same year, Chamberlain was received by the Emperor at the home of a former correspondent of Gobineau, and, shortly after, at Potsdam. Back in Vienna he wrote to the Emperor on November 15, 1901, a ten-page letter in which he re-expresses his main themes: The future of humanity is indissolubly linked to a powerful Germany, able to give the world its philosophy and religion. Today God builds only on the German people ("*Auf den Deutschen allein baut heute Gott.*") To insure this glorious future, what must be done, first of all, is to fight the corroding venom of Judaism ("*Kampf gegen das zersessende Gift des Judentums*"), and to fight against Rome, ("*Kampf gegen den Ultramontanismus*"). After which, and now is the time, the world must be given the German philosophy and religion as opposed to a Yankeeified ("*yankeesierten*") Anglo-Saxonism, and a "tatarized" Slavism. Germany, fortunately, is blessed in the house of Hohenzollern which will renew the world through the power of organization as opposed to the fatal individualistic liberalism.

On December 31, William II answers Chamberlain in a long letter couched in no less lyrical terms: "Yes, our youth would have needed a man such as you to open to us our Indo-Aryan past. But no one knew it around us . . . You, like a magician, came to put order in the chaos of the human past, to give our admirable language its place, to cry to the German: End your internal dissensions, your duty is to be the instrument of God in spreading the culture of the German spirit. . . . It is my unshakable conviction. You were chosen by God to be my faithful ally in the struggle of the Germans against Rome, Jerusalem, etc. . . . ("*in Kampf für Germanen gegen Rom, Jerusalem, usw.*") . . . The feeling that this fight is for a good and divine cause gives us the assurance of victory. You write, I speak, I strike on my sword, and remain. . . . Your true and grateful friend, William, emperor and king."

But did Chamberlain reach Hitler? He did. He saw him in Bayreuth in 1923, and hailed him as the hope



of Germany. He wrote to him in October of the same year: "You are not a fanatic, for the fanatic heats the head, you warm the heart. . . . You are not a man of violence, for as Goethe says there is the violence which stems from chaos and leads to chaos, and the violence that builds a cosmos. . . . Nothing will be right as long as the parliamentary system continues. . . . You have at one stroke changed the condition of my soul. Germany in the hour of her highest need has given birth to a Hitler. That proves her power to live; likewise his actions, for those two things, the personality and the work, go together. That the highbred Ludendorff often confided in you and approved you, what a magnificent ratification!"

The fact that one of the most violent exponents of German "racial mysticism" was an Englishman should help us to realize that in analyzing the antecedents of our present crises, no nationalistic prejudices need intervene. What we are facing is a crisis in western thought. It happens that Germany has been the chief instrument in its shift from Mediterranean-born dualistic philosophy and Christianity to a monism which leaves us at the mercy of a pragmatic subjectivism only too prone to express itself in a nationalistic will to power.

No doubt there are ancient historical and far-reaching geographic reasons for the fact that Germany became also the incarnation of such an imperialism. The German lands were never part of the Roman Empire. Latinity came to the Germans with Charlemagne only about 800 A.D. So when Germany reached the possibility of unity, it had to seek sources of national pride in opposition to the Mediterranean tradition. It therefore naturally tended to exalt its primitivism and hence the instinctive. Its great men were Luther and Kant, Luther most antagonistic to Rome, Kant to the powers of the intellect. But the severance from Rome and from the Aristotelian tradition meant the loss of what, as Seillière has often pointed out, was the corporate, age-wise, common sense of the Church which had built Europe, and of the sense of moderation which Greek philosophy had taught; the loss, too, of the sense of the common origin of mankind from which flow both inalienable rights for all men,

and common duties based on an objective and eternal righteousness.

Nor should we boast too much ourselves, as the same philosophies are at work in our midst, and already widely prevalent in their negation of the antecedently real, if not in the assertion that we are the chosen people.

However, it should not be surprising if the French Catholic bishops and the French Catholic writers, though belonging to a Church that pleads for peace, but fully acquainted as they are with the philosophies behind Hitlerism and Stalinism, felt at the outbreak of the present war that England and France were on the side of civilization. All the French bishops were heard from to that effect. The Bishop of Arras, whose town was bombarded in the last war till every church was systematically leveled, wrote: "It is without hatred and without a spirit of revenge that we pray for the chastisement of Germany. We merely ask that it may please God to give Germany other rulers who may understand that the happiness of men depends upon the collaboration of all peoples in a spirit of justice and charity."

To select only one other message, as published in *Le Temps Présent*, we may take the following from the Bishop of Dax: "Hitler spoke of the mission of the German State to insure the victorious peace of a people of masters who make the entire world the servants of a superior civilization. France rejects with her whole Christian soul that pretended civilization imposed by the sword."

As for the French Catholic writers and journalists, their Corporation drew up the following resolutions:

"The premeditated aggression of which Poland was the victim forced France and England to take up arms. Germany willed war in spite of the pressing solicitations of His Holiness the Pope, of the President of the United States, of the heads of the states of northern Europe, the reasonable efforts of the Italian government, the conciliating and even imprudent attitudes of the French and British governments. Therefore, England and France have the right to say that they lived up to the conditions which the constant tradition of the Church have exacted for a war to be called just.

"Moreover, the violation of international morality and right find their



*The Nazis hold that the victorious nation represents the highest evolution of morality. Those opposing it are without rights*

confirmation in the anti-Christian doctrine which is the kernel of National Socialism and which naturally links with atheistic Sovietism. So the present conflict is but an episode of the eternal assault of the forces of evil against Christian truth and the civilization it founded.

"Therefore, the French, while admitting that they themselves have not always been guiltless with regard to Christian truth, believe that they are now fighting for it. Therefore, too, the members of the Corporation of Catholic French Publicists, whether under arms or not, consider themselves mobilized."

Such, in brief, were the philosophies behind the outbreak of a war in which the forces of "racial mysticism" now threaten to be triumphant.

Because no nation could boast that it was free from sin, no nation could claim the right to be free from chastisement. Yet the statement of the French publicists remains true: Europe will recover its civilization and its peace only by going back to its source, the Gospel of Christ. Above Armageddon, the Providence of God is still weaving the good out of the evil brought about by the rebellions of men.



by F. B. RUSSELL

Illustrated by PAUL RABUT

**H**OLLAN and Hilary! The two names sounded as natural together as milk and honey, as moonlight and roses.

Hilary Alexander took Hollan Margaret Roy to everything worth seeing, hearing or doing, and in between times he could be found digging with her in her garden, getting in the way in the Roy kitchen, or playing a game of chess with Mr. Roy in the front parlor. Now that Hilary was getting on in the world everyone, with the exception of Linette Peters, was looking forward to the publishing of the Alexander-Roy marriage banns.

Hollan was small, dark, vivid. She had a quick, bird-like quality about her without being nervous, or shrill. Her voice was low and soft, and ordinarily Hollan Roy kept her head on her shoulders. Matters hadn't been going so well lately, however, although certainly life had been a round of gay enough parties.

At the moment, Hollan was on her knees in the garden, wrestling with some stubborn grass shoots. Hilary was sitting on a portion of stone wall, removing garden soil from beneath his finger nails. His long legs dangled loosely and there was a look of serenity on his lean, brown face.

"Linette is having a party for us tomorrow night," Hollan said.

Hilary's face didn't look pleased at all. The serenity left, his forehead wrinkled, and his gray eyes clouded.

Hollan glanced up quickly. "What's the matter?" she asked. "Aren't you pleased?"

There was consternation in her small, dark face.

"Nonsense!" Hilary said quickly. "Of course, I'm pleased. Linette's parties are such fun!"

He crammed a battered felt over his blond hair, swung off the wall, and ruffled Hollan's hair in passing. "I'll be seeing you, Hollan," he said. "What time is this party?"

"Eight-thirty," she called after him. She didn't bother to smooth her hair, and she was so absorbed in her work that she didn't hear Linette Peters drive up some ten or fifteen minutes later. Jerry Kendall was with her.

"For heaven's sake, Hollan!" Linette squealed. "What are you doing, and where's Hilary?"

"I'm gardening, and Hilary just left," Hollan answered.

"It's little wonder," Linette retorted. "You should see yourself—hair all mussed, fingernails gritty and broken—yes, broken."

"Hollan doesn't care about such things," Jerry cut in.

"Oh, I do, certainly I do," Hollan protested, holding her hands out before her. They were firm and suntanned. She always used a good lotion on them after gardening. They weren't bad at all.

"She'd better start caring," Linette hinted darkly, "if she wants to hold Hilary. How he stands all this earthiness is more than I know."

Jerry Kendall wasn't a kind young man. He was sophisticated, and a

cynic to boot. "You'd certainly like to know," he said bluntly. "If you could fetch Hilary up with a leaf rake you'd do it!"

Linette's small mouth curled at the corners. "How you do go on and on!" she murmured, shooting a baleful green glance at him.

Hollan paid no attention to them. She glanced down at her earth-crusted shoes, at the streaks of dust on her blue coveralls. Maybe she was being a bit careless, and now—now that Hilary was making a name for himself as a journalist, now that people were beginning to flock around him, she should be more conventional about her appearance. Hilary had left early, and rather abruptly. It wasn't like him at all.

Linette and Jerry sped away, taking Hollan's contentment with them.

Hollan went to the house quickly. Under no circumstances must she lose Hilary. She loved him. She would never love anyone else. She bathed and slipped into her most colorful street dress. It wouldn't do to be too dressed up when he next saw her, but she must look smart and well groomed—she had better be just as fashionable as Linette Peters.

He'd be sure to telephone after dinner, and then she'd ask him to come over. He'd see then how exquisite she could be.

She sat with a book in her hand, but its pages remained blank. The minutes ticked by, and Hilary didn't call. He didn't come over, either. At ten-thirty she undressed and went to bed.

The next morning, her first thoughts were of Hilary and Linette. It was a good thing Linette had warned her in time.

She called Madame Colbert for a shampoo, wave and manicure, and five minutes before the appointment she was there waiting. It was to be a formal party and she had her hair done high on her head in a formal fashion. She had Madame Colbert adjust the black jeweled clip where it would be loveliest.

"What color is your dress?" Madame Colbert asked.

"Black," Hollan said, "with a full swing skirt, and a sash bustle in two tones, black and plum."

"Then the fingernails and the lips will be plum," Madame said.

The fingernails were artificial. They had to be. Madame was scandalized at the broken nail. She gave

Hollan long instructions about the care of her hands.

Hilary came for her at 8:20. Eagerly she watched him for signs of approval. Hilary was studying her, the high line of her hair, the smart black and plum dress that matched her hair, her lips, her long, artificial nails. He looked at her hands a long time and she knew he remembered the broken nail, but he said nothing, nothing except—"You're very lovely, Hollan."

That was all a girl could ask for from the man she loved, but it wasn't satisfying to Hollan. Something was lacking, and the something was enthusiasm.

A great many people crowded around Hilary at the party, most of them pretty girls and older women even, who considered him a new

vogue, and therefore very exciting.

Hollan didn't get to dance much with Hilary. Linette snared him several times, and the rest of the evening Hollan was kept busy by the gloomy escorts of girls who were dying to meet and dance with Hilary Alexander.

Hilary took Hollan home. They were silent most of the way, then he lighted a cigarette. "How did you like it?" he asked suddenly.

Hollan smiled. "It was wonderful, Hilary, simply wonderful. I've never enjoyed an evening more."

That wasn't so. She had had a miserable time of it.

"You really did like it, didn't you," he said, smiling at her.

Her heart warmed instantly. Hil-

*Hilary Alexander took Hollan Margaret Roy to everything worth seeing, hearing, or doing, and in between times he could be found digging with her in her garden*





ary was pleased with her. "I loved it!" she breathed, filling her words with rapture.

Everything was all right again, she thought. Hilary dropped by the next day and found her exquisitely turned out. The hired man was working in her garden, and Hollan was sitting sedately in a chair by the window.

The day following Hilary didn't come to see her at all, and gradually his visits became less and less frequent. He did take her to an occasional gathering at Linette's or elsewhere, but she was sick with fear.

She was waiting, waiting for Hilary as usual, when Jerry Kendall stopped by. Jerry's cynical eyes took in the rigid correctness of the new Hollan, but they softened a bit when they rested on the drawn white of her face. With his customary lack of preliminaries, Jerry commenced.

"Misery loves company," he said, "and I've lost my Linette to your Hilary."

The dark of Hollan's eyes deepened with hurt, and she drew her breath in sharply. "That's putting it—neatly," she said, in a queer, calm voice.

Jerry smiled, and there was hurt in his eyes too. Even cynics get hurt sometimes. "Atta' girl!" he said. "That's taking it neatly too!"

They sat there, staring at each other, staring wordlessly.

"What are you going to do to get Hilary back?" Jerry asked finally.

Anger flamed into Hollan's cheeks. "I'm not going to do a darned thing!" she said furiously. "I've been doing all I can do. I'm through—sick of the whole business. I don't care whether he ever likes me any more or not."

Her husky voice and tear filmed eyes contradicted her words, but she felt better for having said them.

"You could go places with me," Jerry suggested. "I'm going to be lonely too. You—you see, I love Linette. She's my kind—a bit hard, and terribly sophisticated, but—I love her!"

"Hilary's her kind too," Hollan said bitterly. "You two can fight it out!"

"And you?" Jerry repeated. "What are you going to do?"

Her eyes were stormy. "I'm going to be myself again. I'm going to bake things occasionally, and work in my garden with my bare hands. I'm going to break off every darned fingernail I have, and I'm going to stay away from Madame Colberts!"

Jerry climbed into his car. "So that's what you're going to do?"

She eyed him defiantly. "That's what I'm going to do!"

The hired man was all right, but he didn't have Hollan Roy's sense of color, and he didn't have her green thumb. Hollan dug, planted, transplanted. She took up blossoming plants, soil and all, so carefully and set them down again so carefully in more appropriate places that the leaves did not even droop.

Hollan's heart was still hurt, but she had peace around her. Before her rebellion her heart had been hurt too, and she hadn't had peace—she hadn't had anything.

**M**ORE than occasionally, Jerry came by. He even spaded a row or two for her, helped her nip back chrysanthemum plants so they wouldn't grow too tall and rangy by fall and went in for flower culture in a way that astonished her. She didn't ask him about Linette and Hilary, though she wanted to badly enough, and Jerry didn't volunteer much information. He just said he hadn't seen either of them, and he looked so miserable in his own sophisticated way that it was almost more than Hollan could bear. Once her father tried to engage him in a game of chess, but Jerry backed away horrified. He would garden, but he certainly wouldn't play chess. Mr. Roy took an instant dislike to the young man. He told Hollan flatly she'd have done better to stick by Hilary Alexander; as though she didn't know it, as though her heart didn't ache intolerably from the grief of his loss.

There was nothing she could do about her sorrows, however, and nothing Jerry could do about his. Life made its own patterns and one either fitted into them, or one didn't. She and Jerry were misfits, thrown together by unhappy circumstances and they might just as well make the best of it.

As she worked late into the afternoon, weariness cloaked her shoulders. The last rays of the sun cut bright paths through the leaves and as dusk commenced sifting down, the notes of the Angelus rang out from St. Augustine's in the valley. Hollan bowed her head. Through a lull in the music of the bells she heard Jerry's car stop. One never knew when to expect him now, and she

was too tired to be interested. Jerry didn't speak. She heard him draw himself to a sitting position on the stone wall. She heard the thump, thump of his heels against the aged gray rock.

The Angelus over, she glanced up. Her dark eyes grew startled. It wasn't Jerry at all. It was Hilary—Hilary Alexander sitting there.

"Jerry told me where I could find you," he said.

Her eyes widened. "You've always known where to find me," she said huskily.

"Have I?" he asked. "For several months, if you haven't been at Madame Colbert's, you've been playing bridge, dancing or attending some silly tea."

"I did it for you!" she flared. "You like sophisticated people like Linette. She said you liked smart, fashionable people."

Hilary was off the wall now. He was standing with his feet set far apart, his eyes twin coals. "I like sensible people," he roared, "and I can't stand the ground Linette Peters walks on. If she hadn't told me you were falling for Jerry I'd have never taken her out and visited with her the few times I did. I saw Jerry today, and he told me a thing or two."

His glance was rich with scorn. "Oh, Linette's clever all right," he said. "She tried to pull that homebody stuff on me, but I guess I know a phony when I see one. She was a phony homebody and I should have known, without being told by Jerry, that you were a phony party girl."

He dropped to his knees on the ground beside her. "What's this green stuff coming up?" he asked, changing the subject with his characteristic abruptness.

"Dark violets," she said. "I've grown them from seed."

"Have you any seed left?" he asked, ruffling her hair. "We could use some of the same in our own back yard, that is—if you're through with this business of trying to look like a cut-out from a fashion magazine."

"I—I'm through," she mumbled weakly. She couldn't trust herself to speak further, but then, she couldn't have spoken anyhow. Hilary was holding her too tight.

It was Hollan and Hilary again, and the names went together. The land was flowing with milk and honey. The evening was filled with moonlight and roses.



# The Critics' Forum

*The Critics' Forum is a Much-Needed Catholic Reaction to That Modern American Literary Phenomenon—the Best-Seller List*

By JOHN K. CARTWRIGHT

THE interval between the two World Wars will doubtless be accused of many faults by future historians. None of them will say that it has not been rich in interest. Among the most interesting developments of the period in the United States and other "advanced" countries has been the maturing of the educational processes of the nineteenth century. By 1920 the age of literacy had surely come.

This fact is not only interesting. Anyone who has a decent respect for the human faculties must be pleased at the opening out to them of the wide fields of experience and knowledge that thus become accessible. Yet a critical mind will not fall into an attitude of easy and complete satisfaction at the manner in which the new literature has been provided for the newly literate.

This is not the place to go into a discussion of the general faults of current literature. A very particular complaint has been growing, however, in thoughtful Catholic circles. We have noticed the growing attention paid to Catholic life and faith by the literati of our period. We have been far from impressed at the success of these literati in deriving a deeper knowledge and understanding from their ever more insistent interest.

For one writer who has had the patience and the insight to understand Catholicism, there are easily nine who add to the ancient Protestant tradition of dislike the newly invented contempt of the Marxian, the Freudian, the libertarian, and the scientific sciolist for the most venerable and valuable of historic institutions. The best-seller list invariably contains a good dozen of books, which, whatever their other qualities and merits, do much to perpetuate and even to create misunderstanding and dislike in the minds of the general public, and to arouse

distress or suspicion in the minds of Catholics incapable of a stalwart criticism.

Something has to be done to meet the emergency thus arising: in the long run something on a national scale to awaken a living and critical Catholic public opinion. Here in Washington something was attempted last winter which had a great initial success and which bids fair to carry on, not only here, but in many other cities.

In February a small committee was gathered, composed of two of the local clergy, four or five Catholics of the staff of the Public Library, and the Territorial deputy of the Catholic Daughters of America. This committee quickly decided to arrange for a series of three public book reviews, under the title: The Critics' Forum—Catholic Thought on the Best Sellers.

The books selected were mostly from the best-seller list and were such as traversed Catholic interest in some definite and important way. The first review in March took up John Gunther's *Inside Europe* and Van Paassen's *Days of Our Years*. A large room was engaged at the Mayflower Hotel with the expectation of an attendance of 100 or so. Actually, after only a week's publicity, there was a capacity audience of 350. The idea had sold itself. It was evident from the first that Catholics acutely wanted something just like this.

The second review was held in April. Father Wilfrid Parsons, S. J. reviewed *The Nazarene* by Sholem Asch. Again a crowded attendance rewarded the very searching analysis presented. A like success greeted the third review, in May, of Seldes' *The Catholic Crisis*. On this occasion Monsignor Ready gave the criticism.

On each evening the speaker was introduced by a prominent Washington Catholic layman. The review occupied about one hour. Another

period of twenty minutes to a half-hour was devoted to answering questions which were presented in writing and read by the chairman.

A schedule of dates for the autumn and winter is now being arranged. Dr. George Johnson will lead off with a review of Adler's *How to Read a Book*, in October. Happily in this case we have to deal with a best-seller very different from the average. Several distinguished laymen as well as priests are expected to give the reviews this year. It is believed that even greater interest will be shown this season and that, in Washington at least, Catholics are beginning to exercise their God-given right to a Catholic public opinion.

The Catholic press throughout the country has given the movement much attention. A series of Critics' Forum reviews has been given in Baltimore, and another series is being arranged. Inquiries from about five cities lead us to believe that the movement will take hold this winter in every section of the United States. There is now under consideration the formation of a monthly or fortnightly bulletin which would give in printed form a complete coverage of the best-seller lists from the same Catholic point of view as the Critics' Forum.

BEST-SELLER lists are here as a modern American phenomenon. Their books will be bought and read. These books cover the whole gamut of life and thought, and they cannot ignore such a universal institution as the Catholic Church. Catholic readers and non-Catholic alike have a right to expect from the literati something better than the superficial treatment which they have so far received from most of the books they have been reading. Nothing could serve this cause better than the presence in every center of a strong and active Critics' Forum.



*I stuck Ferguson into the lineup. In the games against Philadelphia he whaled the horsehide for a do-re-mi. I could see that pennant waving on the flagpole then*

# The Last

by Francis  
McDevitt

Illustrated by PAUL KINNEAR

whaled a drive out to right field. Ferguson raced for the ball, which seemed headed for a sure double, but he was under it and caught it with both hands. I got sicker to think I was sending a sweet fielder like that to the minors.

Ferguson, you ought to know, was a sort of symbol. I'd been on the pan by the newspaper boys and John Q. Public all winter because I hadn't been able to get my teams in the first division for three seasons, and John Folsom, the big boss, wasn't feeling any too sunny about renewing my contract. I wanted to dump our whole gang of creaky veterans in the lake and get a bunch of high school kids. At least they could run bases.

Folsom finally came around to see my way, but to play safe he renewed my contract for only a year. I got the scouts busy on a sort of cradle-snatching project. I had them nearly crazy hanging around sand-lots, night schools, and boys' clubs. We unloaded all the oldsters whose contracts had run out, and I went to Florida to meet the rawest bunch of rookie beef ever assembled in one training camp. Except Ferguson.

The first day in camp he showed big league class, in the outfield and at bat. Of course, I'd heard something about him from his Pop. I was Gun Ferguson's catcher in my time. But fatherly pride is a funny thing and I hadn't paid much attention when he plugged the boy so much. Art's work in camp showed me his Dad had been conservative. I was sold on him from the first. He became the key idea to my new youth policy.

Sure, I knew something about the high, outside ones. But I didn't worry. The best players have their

I was a sick manager that May day as I watched Art Ferguson take a wild swing on the third strike and go down hitless for the third time that game with the Reds. You see, the pitches to him all day had been high and outside. So what? Well, you have to know the whole story.

I didn't care so much that my boys were trailing the Reds by three runs in the eighth. The season was young; we were third in the league, with the Reds a shade ahead of us; and I had a hustling bunch of youngsters. No, it was Ferguson.

Lyons, like all the other pitchers in the league, had the kid's number all day. Besides, "Gun" Ferguson, his old man, was sitting on the Reds' bench watching the whole thing.

I wished the game was over. I had the nasty job afterward of telling

Art I was sending him down to our farm in Hainesville. And I wanted to get it over with.

Ferguson did swell on the first swing of our club around the circuit. He hit at a three-fifty clip and backed up everything I'd ballyhooed about him during training season. But something happened. The observing boys on the other teams found out what I'd known all along.

The kid couldn't hit a high pitch on the outside.

Once the pitchers got that dope, Ferguson's hitting wasn't worth a dime. By the time Cincinnati got to us for this second series at home he was batting a measly two hundred. For three weeks he'd fanned the air or popped up.

The crack of the bat brought me to. The first Red up in the ninth

# Gun shot

weaknesses. I worked on it with him and figured that when he was up in the big arena and got confidence he'd snap out of it and become the greatest find in the league.

After the game I started off talking about, I sat up in the front office and half-hoped Ferguson had forgotten I'd told him to come up. But soon he came in, slow and heavy. I tried to be easy about it, but before I opened my yapper he broke out.

"Oh, I know," he said, through his teeth. "You're going to send me to the farm. I don't blame you."

"Buck up," I said, slapping him on the back. "You've got the stuff, son, and plenty. Go down to Hainesville for a year and you'll come back and burn 'em up. Work hard on the high, outside business."

The door opened just then and there was Gun on the other side of it. The look that passed between them hurt me, too. Then Art bolted out.

The room was quiet after that. Gun, broad-beamed and hard as nails, towered over me. His brown, lined face was calm, but the gray eyes seemed awfully tired. "You're sending him to Hainesville?" he husked.

I nodded. "I'm sorry, Gun. They're on my neck this year."

"Sure, Matt, that's all right," he came back. "But—" He crumpled his hat. "I'm sure the boy'll work out of that—that trouble—if you'll give him a little more time in the big league."

The only way I could feel better was to get hardboiled. "Now, listen, Gun," I said, "I'll do anything in the world for you, but this is a club affair. I'm sorry."

"You're right," he said slowly. "It is the game that counts, isn't it? I think I'll go up and see the boy off

on the train—or help him pack—or something." Now some of that old fire I used to see in his eyes through the bars of a catcher's mask was there again. "But he'll be back!"

"Sure he will, Gun. I told him so myself."

He went then and I felt like a dog that had fallen into a barrel of rain-water. Didn't I know Gun should have been out of baseball three years ago? Didn't I know he was sticking it out until the kid got settled in the big time? He'd said to me once: "There's always been a Ferguson in the majors, Matt, and there always will be. I'm sticking until Art is up there with the best of them." And now he'd be around for another year, it seemed, sunning himself in the bull pen, pitching half innings, getting grayed under the cap by the minute, and listening to the roars of the crowds that hardly knew he was around any more, or cared.

We ended up our June road tour at a better than five-hundred pace and perched in second place just a few points behind the Reds. Our town went batty. The fans had paid out good American currency so long to see grapefruit league baseball, the show my kids were giving them sent them into hysterics. The Boss was hearing World Series cheers already and I had to dampen him down a bit. But by July we'd popped into first place.

Yeah, I saw Gun occasionally. In Cincinnati one night I had dinner with him. And all he talked about was Art.

"Matt, I said he's coming back and at the rate he's going down there in Hainesville you won't be able to keep him away." That's the way he raved all through the meal.

When I got back to the hotel after the game the next day, Gun's chatter took on some sense. Dan Flaherty, one of our scouts, was waiting for me.

"So, you're the great baseball brain trust and I had to come to this town and remind you of some ivory you own," he greeted.

"What's the matter with the ivory I got on this ball club? No sale, big boy."

Flaherty spit. "About two months ago you sent some ivory away to be shined up, didn't you? Well, you can see your face in it now."

"You mean—"

"Yep, Ferguson. He's been blast-

ing the bushes wide open. I tell you, he's busting the fences down with a four-fifty average. Get him back up here and you'll win the pennant sure."

I wired Hainesville that night.

It was a different Ferguson that blew into town next day. He was smiling, cocky, and bronzed from the southern sun. He not only acted the part but in practice made my other boys look like the Junior Y.M.C.A.

I didn't use him right away. I figured I'd hold him back in case one of the boys slumped. At the moment they were all shaking wicked willows and I could hear the Reds getting out of breath behind us.

Two weeks later Mercer, the center fielder, pulled a tendon in his leg. There was my chance and I stuck Ferguson into the lineup. Zowie! In the first two games against Philadelphia he whaled the horsehide for a do-re-mi. I could see that pennant waving on the flagpole then.

And all the time I was headed straight for a sitdown.

It happened in the second inning of the third game with the Phillies. To be exact, when Ferguson stood at the plate for his first licks of the day. Suddenly I saw Burgess, the Phil's pitcher, shoot something down the alley that took the sun right out of the sky and made me feel cold all over.

The peg was high and outside.

My head became a hot ball of cement that afternoon. Ferguson struck out twice, grounded, and popped out for his day's work. I knew the jig was up. I saw it all so clear, I nearly fainted. They hadn't remembered much about Ferguson at first. Then some sage on the Philly team the night before recalled what had sent Ferguson to the bushes. I knew what Pitcher Burgess' orders were that day as if I'd given them myself. Yeah, that day and the day after that.

The kid went hitless the rest of the week against Chicago. We played three teams after that and he managed one scratch hit. Mercer's leg was better and I benched Ferguson.

In early September my youngsters hit a long-delayed slump. Not for long, but enough to let the Reds pull up to only a game behind. We picked up then, but Cincinnati kept right on winning, too, and I'm telling you, the sleeping pills came in plenty handy.



It was right in the middle of all this one afternoon that Jimmy Sullivan, the bat boy, came up to me in the dressing room before game time looking as mysterious as a correspondence school dick.

"Listen," the boy said, "I don't like to peach on a guy, but you ought to know."

"Know what?" I muttered, imagining everything from measles to the finding of Jimmy Ross.

"Well, Art Ferguson's not doin' right by the team," he whispered. "He's breakin' trainin' rules."

"How?"

"I was comin' from the movies the other night and as I passed the Recreation Bowling Alleys and Pool-room I saw Art in there."

"Well—what was he doing?" I snapped.

"Oh, nothin' particular, just standin' there. But it was after eleven o'clock."

I was strict on the early-to-bed-early-to-rise business, but I figured Ferguson was just killing time and forgot about it.

The sports boys began to talk about records as we flew down the last lap, still one game ahead. And to make it more duck soup for the newshounds, the schedule was fixed so we played the Reds at home in our last series.

We had one break the day the series opened. The Reds had dropped a game the day before to Chicago, putting us a game and a half in the lead.

But, good Lord! I get shivers every time I think of it: in the lead and with my two best pitchers fogging them in, we dropped the first two games. Blackburn and Boyce, my ace flingers, folded up like camp-chairs and we were jolted down a half-notch into second place. We had to win that last game or lose the pennant.

Next day I breezed down to the ball park to live through the agonies of the afternoon. The first agony caught me right at the clubhouse door. Young Ferguson bounded over to me like a colt, which was something when he'd been sitting on the bench all these weeks like a propped-up corpse.

"Matt, let me in there today," he pleaded. "I'll come through, I swear. I know it! You won't regret it."

Answering him was where the suffering came in. "Sorry," I said

crisply. "I haven't got any time to listen to a little boy yell wolf again." With that I ducked into the locker room.

The first part of the game was like the day—a natural. My first pitcher, Blackburn, with only a day's rest, was back in there burning them over and setting the Reds down swinging and cussing. But we didn't do so well with the stick ourselves and when the sixth inning was over there were half a dozen white rings up for both sides.

The seventh inning began with the kind of baseball the fans like. Standish, of the Reds, led off with a double that nearly knocked Blackburn off the mound. That started

the first pitch to right for a ringing single. Tierney, the first baseman, let one go by, then snagged another bad pitch on the nose and when the mess had cleared up Mercer was sitting on third and Tierney was dusting his pants off on second. Gar- rity, my short stop, stepped into the batter's box and without once twirling his bat lit into a fast hop and sent the ball over second, chasing Mercer home with the tying run and putting Tierney on third.

The Red brain trust held a feverish consultation. A minute later, with the silly booing of the crowd, Shores, the Cincy pitcher, was yanked.

Soon the new pitcher walked in from the bull pen. I rubbed my eyes, dead sure the shadows were getting me.

The tall, slow-striding hurler walking to the diamond was Gun Ferguson.

They don't put drama like that on the stage. Here was this old has-been, who'd been nearly forgotten as he warmed the bench all season, going in there to save his team from the onrush of youth. I could see the sunset over the stadium wall and thought: Gun was ending his days, too. Would it be in a blaze of glory, or—

I forgot the poetry. As Gun tossed a few to the catcher, the baseball wheels inside me turned over again and ground out a beautiful idea.

Leahy, my second baseman, was in the box waiting. A moment later Gun pitched. Down the line it came, plenty fast. I gasped. It was the same old smoke that had scorched my palms for years. There wasn't much of the dynamite left, but I could see Gun was using all he had. In short order Leahy fanned.

Gun stood out there in the shadows rubbing the pill like he'd done a million times before most of the others were born. Woodward, my catcher, poised his bat, and finally bounced weakly to short and Tierney, the winning run, hugged third.

I looked over the bunch of white-faced boys lined on the bench to assign a pinch hitter for Boyce. But I'd known for five minutes which one it would be. Ferguson.

He saw my nod almost before I gave it and cantered out to the plate like a school boy.

No, it wasn't drama now, this father-son act I was putting on. It

## Short Stories

*Short stories by well-known fiction writers appear monthly in THE SIGN*

*A few of the writers whose stories will appear in forthcoming issues are: Courtenay Savage, Francis H. Sibson, Doran Hurley, Loucille D. Giles, Christine Whiting Parmenter, Edwin Balmer, J. K. Lyons, F. B. Russell, Douglas Newton, and Raphael Johnson.*

*Lovers of fiction have a treat awaiting them in the short stories of these well-known writers.*

things. At the end of the storm the scorebook showed six hits and two runs on the Cincy page.

The eighth was a lulu, too, in both sessions. Basehits dropped all over the place, but in spite of breaks, snappy fielding, and a couple of grandstand catches, our boys grabbed two runs.

I don't like to think of the first half of the ninth. The Reds lost no time in finally chasing Blackburn to the well-known showers after pushing over another run. I stuck Boyce on the hill, but the damage had been done. I gave only one order to my batters for our last half: "Hit everything that looks half-way good." What else could I say?

Mercer was first up. He walloped



was hard baseball strategy, with a pennant hanging on it. Cold calculating that no father, let alone Gun, would stand up in a moment like this and fire cannonballs at his own son.

Gun wasn't looking as the kid stepped up to the plate. When the veteran heaver did turn around I saw lots of things happen, even though no one else did. Gun froze out there, his hands stiffening at his side, his feet fastened to the brown dirt. He was fighting, I knew, fighting the hardest kind of a battle—with himself. The fans stamped their feet. Presently, Gun jerked at his cap and hitched his pants. But still he didn't pitch. I sat on the edge of the bench. I wasn't wondering who was going to win the ball game now, only who was going to come out on top there in the box—Gun Ferguson, the pitcher, or Randolph Ferguson, the man.

Gun raised his arms, took a side look at the man on third and let go. It was a bullet ball. Young Ferguson lined a long drive foul. That pitch told me the story. Only Gun, the pitcher, was out there now and the guy at the plate was just another batter.

The stands shuddered under the punishment of pounding feet. Gun went through his little wind-up and slung the aged right arm forward again. There was another blinding flash of white and again Ferguson's bat slapped the pitch for another foul. My heart flapped like a flag.

Gun held the ball at his waist and stood like a stone mountain. Tierney crept away from third, ready to break. Gun's arm went up, then down again—

Everything was jumbled after that. One thing I do remember—the pitch was high and outside.

When I opened my eyes again, Ferguson had lunged. The next thing was the smack of the bat and the ball sailing higher and higher into the dusk out beyond the flagpole, out beyond any fielder, out of sight. Tierney nearly knocked me over coming in with the winning tally and the next moment the crowd was swarming over the field, yelling like a hoard of savages—

It wasn't until eight o'clock that I broke loose from the maniacs that overran the clubhouse and my hotel. I was sick of people, shouting, delirious, sweating people. There were

only two persons I wanted to see then, the only two real persons in the city. But they weren't there in the milling masses and I struggled out into the street and over to Gun's hotel.

The clerk at the desk grinned. "No, Mr. Ferguson isn't in. He and his son went out a half hour ago. I think he said Recreation Bowling



"Matt, let me in there today," he pleaded. "I'll come through, I swear, I know it! You won't regret it." Answering him was where the suffering came in

Alleys. They have not been gone long."

Recreation. Sounded crazy to me, but I pushed against the tides of humanity again and wormed through four clogged blocks to the amusement center. It was just as bad there, with the celebrating fans banging each other on the backs and singing. But no Fergusons. I looked in the bowling alleys, the pool hall, the ping pong rooms. No Fergusons.

On my way out I saw a wide door with a sign on it: "Play Baseball." In my right senses I wouldn't have bothered. Ball players wouldn't go in there. But I barged in anyway and stopped suddenly, my feet glued to the door sill.

Yes, they were there—playing baseball.

Rather Art was. I mean he was standing up in that long room draped with netting, swinging a bat in hitting stance and watching a hole in a square of canvas thirty feet away. And Gun sat on the side with a big smile. A ball shot out of the hole. Ferguson swung and whammed the pill so hard it almost broke the netting at the far end. Then he turned to Gun.

"Now you see how I did it, Pop.

That night I felt so low, I wandered in here to get my mind off things. I saw this business, and I got an idea. I had them fix that catapult machine so it threw only high, outside pitches at me. Millions of 'em. I came every night and swung away. A week later it happened."

"What happened, son?" Gun asked.

"A ball came at me. From the first

part of my swing I felt I was going to wallop it square. And, boy, did I! I socked a high, outside pitch on the beezer for the first time in my life. That ball almost melted as it rode through the air on a line drive. And then I knew. I remembered I'd moved my right foot a half inch more than usual. A funny little shift. I tried another and smacked the pitch on the nose again. And again and again. That night and every night after that. It was that little foot work every time." He waved the bat over the plate. "Let 'em push up the high, outside ones in the Series, if Matt'll let me in there. I'll eat 'em up—like this—" And he swung again.

I sneaked back into the hall, hearing the music the solid crack of the bat made and Gun's deep, quiet voice: "That's the stuff, kid. And the main thing is you did it yourself—"

No, I didn't go in at all. They didn't need me, or anybody else. Not that pair. I just meditated plenty. Somehow the Black Sox scandal came to my mind and I just figured then and there that Old Man Baseball needn't worry about dying too soon as long as there was Ferguson blood in him.



*The President at the microphone. The campaign will to a large extent be a battle of the air waves*

*Harrie-Ewing photo*

# Willkie Meets "The Champ"

*Willkie, Advocate of the Traditional American Way, Meets the New Deal Champ in the Arena of a Presidential Election*

By JOHN C. O'BRIEN

**A**GAIN the American people stand at the threshold of a Presidential campaign. Late summer is not the time to predict the outcome, but even at this early date it can be said without fear of contradiction that this will be one of the most exciting campaigns in the country's history—and, perhaps, the most momentous as well.

In the first place, both parties have broken with tradition: the Republicans in nominating Wendell L. Willkie, a political novice, an outsider, a recruit from the Democratic Party who voted for President Roosevelt in 1932; the Democrats in renominating the President in defiance of the long-standing, no-third-term convention, and in naming Henry A. Wallace, an erstwhile Republican, as the President's running-mate. The injection of the third-term issue alone would have lent historic significance to the November referendum, but in addition to that there is the terrifying European tragedy, which, more than any domestic question, may influence the campaign and affect the outcome. As in 1916, America is choosing a President under the shadow of a European war.

Minor political revolutions accompanied the nomination of the two tickets. Reversing the usual order, the Republicans sidetracked the convention bosses, while the Democrats submitted with unaccustomed docil-

ity to the dictation of a new set of New Deal Jehus who took orders from the White House. At Chicago, the conservatives were not only shunted to one side, they were completely routed. The New Dealers, delivering the final blow in an eight-year battle for supremacy, ousted the old-line party leaders and took the party machinery into their own hands. At Chicago the purge initiated by the President in 1938 was completed.

At both conventions traditions were flaunted because the two parties were desperately eager to win. The Democrats were reluctant to challenge the no-third-term tradition, but, aside from the die-hard conservatives, they were unready to risk defeat to maintain a custom. The New Dealers, the office holders, and the hard-headed bosses of the big city political machines—men like Mayor Edward J. Kelly of Chicago, Mayor Frank Hague of Jersey City, and "Boss" Ed Crump of Memphis—believed their best chance of winning would be with Roosevelt. They never doubted that he would accept the nomination, and they realized that his silence on the third term up to the opening of the convention had left the party no choice but to name him. All rival candidacies had been stifled by the President's failure to take himself out of the race. Moreover, none of the other candidates had caught the public's fancy.

Roosevelt alone of the Democrats had a personal following.

The nomination of Willkie at Philadelphia has been hailed as a nine-day wonder. It is true the Republican politicians did not want him and did their utmost to keep him off the ticket. Professional politicians never trust an upstart, a Johnny-come-lately, an unpredictable. They always prefer a safe party man with a record of having done the right thing about patronage once he attained office. But the delegates wanted to win, wanted desperately



*Henry Wallace, Vice-Presidential candidate of the Democratic Party*

to turn out "that man" in the White House, and they were convinced (after they arrived in Philadelphia, if they had been doubtful before) that Willkie would be the strongest candidate against Roosevelt, who, it was assumed, would be again the Democratic standard-bearer.

As political judgments go, the choices of the two conventions were sound. It would be difficult to name, from the fields available to either party, stronger candidates than those selected. Roosevelt's skill as a campaigner had been amply demonstrated in two sweeping landslides. Willkie enters the lists wholly without electioneering experience. But already he has shown qualities essential to political success—a beguiling candidness, an ability to dramatize issues, a readiness in debate and an aptitude for making friends with all kinds of people. He has taken the measure on the platform of some of the New Deal's nimblest wits, and he is as much at home in a press conference as the President himself.

Before the radio microphone Roosevelt probably will excel, for he has always read his speeches. Willkie, born out of his time, prefers to speak extemporaneously as most campaigners did when political speeches were delivered from the platform or the tail-end of a railroad car. Speaking from manuscript under the time limitations of the radio cramps Willkie's oratorical style.

Both candidates, at their own insistence, have running mates widely known in the farm-belt. The Republican Vice-Presidential candidate, Charles L. McNary, Republican leader of the Senate, was co-author of the McNary-Haugen bill, the first attempt to deal with the vexing crop surplus problem. His opponent, Secretary of Agriculture Wallace, was the successful publisher of an inherited farm journal before he turned Democrat and entered the Roosevelt cabinet, following in the footsteps of his father who was President Harding's Secretary of Agriculture. While both Vice-Presidential candidates were selected with an eye on the farm vote, another consideration was their geographic availability, the heads of the tickets being New Yorkers. McNary is an Oregonian and Wallace a native of Iowa.

As platform help-mate neither McNary nor Wallace is likely to prove



Wendell Willkie and his running mate, Senator Charles L. McNary. Willkie will prove a hard man to beat

much of an asset. Neither is a forceful speaker. Extremely shy, Wallace makes a painful showing before an audience; nevertheless his thoughtful utterances may carry conviction over the radio. McNary suffers from no such disability, but his reputation rests upon his skill in the Senate committee rooms rather than upon his eloquence on the hustings.

In one respect, however, Wallace has the advantage over his opponent. As Secretary of Agriculture, he presides over a far-flung bureaucracy to which the farmers have been accustomed to look for benefit payments and countless advisory services. With no class of citizens is a government agency so frequently in direct contact as the Department of Agriculture with the farmers. And while many of the Wallace farm policies are unpopular in certain sections of the agricultural areas, it seems altogether unlikely that the farmers will forget on November 5 that it is "Uncle Henry" who sends out the benefit checks.

In the matter of issues the platforms drafted at Philadelphia and Chicago are singularly unenlightening. The day has passed, if it ever existed, when platforms set forth clearcut statements of principles. Ambiguity is their chief merit, for the more skillfully they straddle issues the more readily may the candidate discard them and substitute his own views as the campaign proceeds. At every convention there is

a "fight" over this or that section of the statement of political principles, but the forces of compromise usually win out.

In this respect, the Philadelphia and Chicago conventions were no exceptions. On the most controversial question—the war and this country's relations to it—the two platforms were almost identical. The Democrats promised not to send our boys "outside of the Americas except in case of attack." The Republicans solemnly opposed "involving this nation in foreign war." Both favored material aid to the enemies of dictatorships not in violation of international law or inconsistent with the requirements of our national defense. Both favored adequate defense, the Democrats proudly listing the New Deal's achievements toward that end and the Republicans charging the Administration with having little to show for the many billions spent.

On the subject of conscription or selective service, which may be the critical issue of the campaign, the platforms were silent. President Roosevelt partly made good the deficiency in the Democratic platform in his acceptance speech, stating that he favored some form of selective service. Since then, in a press conference, he reiterated his stand somewhat more forcefully in response to a request for his views on the Burke-Wadsworth selective service bill. Willkie did the same in



his acceptance speech, refusing to comment specifically on the Burke-Wadsworth bill but accepting some form of selective military service as a necessity of American defense.

With respect to other issues the platforms are either platitudinous or evasive. In the Democratic document there is much "pointing with pride," as is customary in the platform of the party in power, but no mention of the unemployed, the deficits, nothing about balancing the budget. The Republican platform vaguely promises to improve on various New Deal measures, to extend old age pensions, to continue relief (through the states), to continue subsidies for agriculture—in short, to give the country a better New Deal than it has had in the last eight years.

**J**UST now only the general patterns of the strategies of two candidates are discernible. Willkie is eager to put Roosevelt on the defensive in debate. Repeatedly, before he was nominated, the Republican candidate expressed the hope that Roosevelt would be the Democratic nominee, because, as he put it, he wanted to meet "the champ." He professed to believe that he was "in front of a trend away from the New Deal, back to the American way of life" and he wanted to fight it out with the originator, the symbol of the New Deal—the President himself.

Willkie's first plan was to attack the New Deal on its record in domestic administration. He aimed to lay at Mr. Roosevelt's door responsibility for the failure to promote recovery, to put the unemployed back to work. Eight years of lavish spending, so Willkie asserted, had only undermined the nation's credit structure and impaired confidence in the government. Unnecessarily stringent restrictions on business had stifled enterprise, frightened capital, and brought the economic life of the country to a standstill. All that lay ahead under another four years of the New Deal, Willkie contended, was more and more regimentation, a further departure from the traditional American way. The third term might be an irrevocable step toward dictatorship. Such in outline was Willkie's original campaign strategy.

Recent events abroad and at home, however, caused a shift in emphasis. Since the fall of France domestic is-

ssues have been completely overshadowed by the nation's preoccupation with foreign policy and national defense. Whether we shall be drawn into the war, whether navy destroyers are to be sold to Great Britain, whether American men shall be called up for military training, whether we shall succeed in arming ourselves in time to fend off possible attack from abroad, these are the questions which the candidates will have to answer.

For his part the President is taking the high ground that he is acceding to a "draft" by his party, against his inclinations, because it is his duty not to desert in a time of crisis. In accepting the nomination he served notice on the party, as Mrs. Roosevelt had told the convention a little earlier that evening, that he could not make a campaign in the usual sense. He would have to stick to his job. He would have to keep in touch with Washington and even Europe and Asia by direct telephone and spend vastly more time in conference with his administrative aids so that the national defense program might go forward. He would have no time to engage in purely political debate.

To Willkie this was the equivalent of saying, "You can have the ring all to yourself; the 'champ' is not leaving his corner."

That Willkie will permit the President to conduct his end of the campaign in this lofty manner is not to be expected. Already the jibe is heard wherever Republicans gather that, despite his preoccupation with affairs of state, the President appears to have ample time to make "defense inspection trips—in doubtful states." Much ridicule of the President's assumption that his nomination at Chicago was a "draft" may be expected. A great to-do will be made of the violation of the no-third-term tradition and much will be said of the "dictatorship implications." The ability of the President, in the light of the New Deal's past spending record, to carry through a defense program efficiently and economically will be challenged.

It is not the purpose of this article, as has been stated, to venture any prediction as to the outcome of the campaign. Nevertheless, it seems safe, on the basis of available evidence, to risk the prophecy that the 1936 landslide will not be repeated. The most ardent New Dealers concede

that the President has lost ground. While they reject all thought of defeat, they fear Willkie.

Unless the Republican candidate turns out to be a man of straw (at this writing there is no reason to believe he will) the election should be close. Twenty or thirty electoral votes one way or the other may determine the outcome.

That Roosevelt should be stronger now than in 1936 was hardly to be expected, for in that year he carried all but two small New England states. His following that year may be likened to a layer cake, a thick layer embracing the greater part of the working class and the unemployed at the bottom, a smaller proportion but still a majority of the white collar workers just above, a majority of the farmers, a substantial percentage of small businessmen and a thin frosting of big businessmen and industrialists at the top.

Unless present trends are reversed in the next few weeks, Willkie may be expected to reduce the thickness of all the layers in the cake. He appeals more strongly to the white collar workers and the small businessmen than to the laboring class, but his popularity among these, the backbone of the New Deal support, has amazed the Republicans and dismayed the Democrats. Whether the farmers can be won away remains to be seen, although the rural south may be counted inalienable. Thus the question boils down to this: Can Willkie cut into the New Deal support in normally Republican northern and doubtful border states deeply enough to win a majority of the electoral votes?

**B**EHIND him Willkie will have a united Republican party, hungry for office, while Roosevelt embarks upon his third bid for office under two formidable handicaps—a bolt of many influential conservative Democrats who could not stomach the third term, and the loss of the manager of his two previous campaigns, National Chairman James A. Farley. Countless party workers went away from Chicago resentful over the cavalier treatment accorded Farley by the President's convention managers. They may not bolt, but the chances are they will display somewhat less zeal under a New Deal boss than under the genial Postmaster General.

# Fordham—The First Century

By CHARLES J. DEANE, S. J.

NO ONE familiar with the history of education in New York one hundred years ago will deny to John Hughes, its first archbishop, the honor and title of defender and champion of Catholic education. He has also the honor of being the founder of the first Catholic college and university in New York State, St. John's College, now Fordham University.

In a letter written to the Leopol-dine Society during his visit to Europe in 1839-1840, Archbishop Hughes gave a sketch of the history and wants of his diocese. He wrote: "There is as yet no house of religious education in the whole diocese. There is no theological seminary for the training of the future priests. It is clear, therefore, that until houses of religious education and a theological seminary are estab-

lished, religion in the diocese of New York is deprived of the very sources, the life-spring on which its real progress and prosperity must, under God, depend."

Two attempts had been made to found a seminary. In 1832, Bishop Dubois bought property at Nyack, New York, and buildings were begun. The chapel was dedicated August 10, 1834 and work continued on the main building, but shortly afterward, both were destroyed by fire. A benefactor offered a site in Brooklyn which was accepted, but because of the failure to obtain title to the property, the plan was abandoned.

In 1838 a new beginning was made by Bishop Hughes, who had been consecrated coadjutor to Bishop Dubois, January 7, 1838. Property and buildings were bought at Lafargeville in northern New York, three hundred miles from New York City. Here it was proposed to open a college and seminary on the plan of Mount St. Mary's, Emmitsburg, of which Bishop Dubois was the founder and where Bishop

Hughes had received his education. Under the title of St. Vincent de Paul, the college and seminary were opened September 20, 1838. It did not take long to prove to the authorities that Lafargeville was too remote for the purposes of a college and a seminary, and so in 1839, Bishop Hughes purchased the estate of Rose Hill Manor at Fordham in Westchester County.

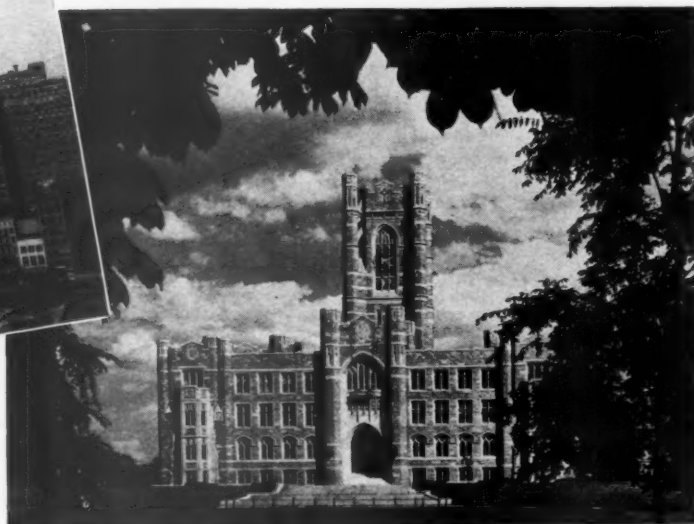
The buildings consisted of an unfinished stone house, the new Manor, and a wooden house, the old Manor, in its day a rather fashionable mansion. The price paid was \$30,000, and about \$10,000 was needed to prepare the place for the new college. On September 19, 1839, Bishop Hughes wrote to a friend: "The college and seminary go on prosperously. Of the \$40,000 which must be raised before we begin, about \$15,000 is already subscribed. When it exceeds \$20,000, I shall go to Europe to engage professors."

The seminary was removed from Lafargeville to Fordham in the fall of 1840 and placed under the patronage of St. Joseph, and the college was formally opened on the Feast of St. John the Baptist, June 24, 1841, under the title of St. John's College, Fordham. The Rev. John McCloskey was the first president and the Rev. Felix Villanis, D.D., the president of the seminary.



Photos from William Fox, New York

Above: The Woolworth Building in New York, in which various schools of Fordham University are located. Right: Keating Hall, on the Fordham campus in uptown New York.



Just what additional buildings were put up by Bishop Hughes is very difficult to determine. The old Rose Hill Mansion remained in use until 1896 when it was torn down, and the new Rose Hill Manor is and has been for many years the center of the college and university and known as the Administration Building.

In 1845, St. John's Hall and Church were built, the former as a building for the seminary, the latter as a seminary chapel and parish church for the neighborhood, which it continued to be until 1889. The square one-story stone building which bears the date of 1840 appears to have been built for the use of the first seminarians at Fordham while the larger St. John's Hall was under construction.

In April 1846, St. John's College received a charter from the New York State Legislature granting it "all rights and privileges of a university." In July of that same year, the Jesuits came from St. Mary's College, St. Mary's, Kentucky, at the invitation of Bishop Hughes, purchased the college property and took over the direction of the college. The seminary remained the property of the Diocese with the Jesuits as teachers. In 1864 the seminary was removed to Troy, New York, and the buildings and property sold to the Jesuits.

During the period from 1841 to 1846, there were three presidents of St. John's, the Reverend John McCloskey, later bishop of Albany, the second archbishop of New York and the first American cardinal; the Reverend John Harley; and the Reverend James Roosevelt Bayley, first bishop of Newark, New Jersey, and later archbishop of Baltimore.

The first Jesuit president was the Reverend Augustus Thebaud. Since his presidency in 1846 there have been twenty-two presidents, under whom the college has grown into a university, and from scarcely a hundred students to eight thousand in 1940.

In 1905, the corporate title was changed to Fordham University, and the Law and Medical Schools were established. In 1911 the College of Pharmacy was opened; in 1916 the Graduate School, School of Education, and the School of Social Science, and later on the Manhattan Division of the college and the

School of Business. In 1918 the Summer School was organized in the Woolworth Building and moved to the campus the next year where it still continues its sessions, increasing from forty students in its initial year to fifteen hundred at the present time. In connection with the School of Education various centers have been established in New Jersey and Staten Island.

The growth of the University in departments and number of students has made it necessary to locate the Law School, School of Education, School of Social Service, Manhattan Division of the college and the School of Business in the Woolworth Building. The Graduate School which was formerly in the Woolworth Building was transferred to the Campus in 1937. This growth has far surpassed the fondest hopes of the founder of Fordham and her early teachers within the first century. Her students have doubled and trebled and trebled again in numbers, her schools have multiplied, and she has been obliged to go beyond the campus to establish schools at other places.

Still there remains in every school and in every classroom the same unity of purpose, the same ideals that motivated her founder, the Most Reverend John Hughes and the Kentucky Jesuits who so well nurtured those ideals as to make

them a vital part of Fordham University, and in so doing made this University a lasting monument to Ignatius of Loyola who fostered those same ideals in education four hundred years ago. For this year 1940-1941, in which Fordham University completes the first century of her work, is also the four hundredth anniversary of the confirmation of the Society of Jesus by Pope Paul III on September 27, 1540.

St. Ignatius understood, as does every member of the Fordham faculty, that education means the full and harmonious development of the intellectual, moral, and physical powers of man. Culture is its aim and purpose; the study of the arts and sciences the means which will most effectively attain that purpose. The University aims to send forth men and women of sound judgment, of acute and well-rounded intellect, of upright character.

Its purpose today is what it was when it began—it has the courage of its convictions; the history of education these past hundred years has but strengthened those convictions. It believes today that a university is a place for painstaking work, accurate thinking, facility and beauty of expression, deep-seated philosophical foundations — a training ground for life's battles, a preparation not only for life here on earth, but for the life to come.

## SAMARITAN

By DOROTHY RANDOLPH BYARD

*Deserted by the dusty road for dead,  
He that had been so cruelly set upon  
Besought each passer-by who turned his head  
Away from what of evil had been done.  
Scorned and forsaken in that place, he prayed,  
Raised up the chapel of his hands, and lo,  
One knelt compassionately there and laid  
Healing upon him, who had suffered so.*

*A great essential parable outwears  
Two thousand years. The pitiless intent  
Of this our generation justly bears  
The fruit of strife and disillusionment.  
Legions have asked for succor down the ages,  
While the one answer stands before them plain  
Written across imperishable Pages.  
And by these words the heart shall learn again!*



# Pope Pius XII and the War

*Since the Outbreak of the World War the Present Holy Father Has  
Been a Powerful Factor in Efforts to Promote International Peace*

By DENIS GWYNN

**S**ELDOM indeed has the choice of a new Pope been so clearly indicated as when the Conclave assembled in February, 1939, to elect a successor to Pius XI. Cardinal Pacelli's qualifications for the succession were so manifest that even the long tradition of Conclaves, which refuses election to those who are regarded as being eminently likely to be elected, was discarded. Before evening the Conclave had concluded its functions.

The contrast with previous elections had been most remarkable. Pius X could scarcely believe that his election was seriously meant. Benedict XV had lived almost in obscurity as Archbishop of Bologna. Pius XI had spent a lifetime as an ecclesiastical librarian and was not even a bishop until he was well over sixty. But the new Pope had been for more than 20 years a most conspicuous figure not only in Europe but throughout the entire Church.

As Nuncio to Germany since 1917 he had become one of the most influential and most active members of the papal diplomatic service before his recall to Rome in 1930 to replace Cardinal Gasparri as Secretary of State. In that capacity his name became familiar to all the world; the Pope had departed from the tradition which keeps the Secretary of State constantly in Rome by sending him on special missions to other countries. He was the first Secretary of State to cross the Atlantic, and he had toured the United States and had also visited Brazil and Argentina. In Europe he had



*Pope Pius XII borne on the sedia gestatoria*

acted as the Pope's Legate for religious congresses in France and in Hungary.

No previous Pope had ever received such extensive training for the duties of the papal throne, or had traveled so widely and become known to such vast numbers of the faithful in every continent. For eight years as Secretary of State he had been in personal touch with the entire hierarchy and had gained direct knowledge of their problems and achievements. But they had been years of deepening anxiety, from the onset of the world trade crisis to the rise of military aggression in Europe, and the hastening preparations for a world war which was becoming almost inevitable when he was elected Pope.

More than any other prelate except Pius XI himself, the new Pope

had been continuously and intimately concerned with the application of the Church's policy in regard to war in Europe. He had been the principal agent of Benedict XV in his attempt to bring about peace negotiations in 1917. He had been in Munich as Nuncio when Germany's military victories reached their climax in the last year of war, when Italy was defeated at Caporetto, and when the great German offensives in the spring of 1918 smashed through the British and French lines and came almost within striking distance of Paris and of the Channel ports. He had seen the tide turn when American intervention became effective, and he had been in Germany during the crash of the Central Empires, the

Communist risings, the utter humiliation and despair that followed upon the Treaty of Versailles.

War in all its horror and destructiveness, starvation induced by the blockade, economic collapse and hopeless unemployment—he had seen all these things in those years when he had witnessed the amazing turn of fortune which had overthrown the German Empire within a few months after it had seemed to be within sight of immediate and overwhelming victory. He had taken part himself in Benedict's supreme effort to restore peace before that orgy of destruction and demoralization ensued. He had known how skillful were the preparations to promote peace negotiations at the chosen moment, and he had learned the bitter lessons of their failure.

In the long years of disillusion-

ment that had followed after the Armistice he had seen the recovery of Germany, and the failure of the victorious Allies to gather any profit from their victory. He had labored constantly, as the Pope's ambassador to the German people, to promote that reconciliation between former enemies which was the only hope of avoiding a war of revenge and of achieving economic restoration. Extraordinary progress was made by Catholic Action in Germany during those bitter years. The Church had taken an active and leading part in social reconstruction, and the Catholic trade unions, particularly, had become a powerful force in resisting the anti-religious tendencies of the socialist movement.

Their organizing secretary had been Dr. Bruening, a Catholic layman of outstanding ability and firmness of purpose, who regarded public service as a vocation and set an example of private austerity and deep religious conviction. The Nuncio had seen much of his work and of that of other devoted leaders of Catholic Action in Germany before he was recalled to Rome to succeed Cardinal Gasparri, and before Dr. Bruening, as the new leader of the German Center party, became Chancellor during the most difficult years of economic crisis and political bitterness.

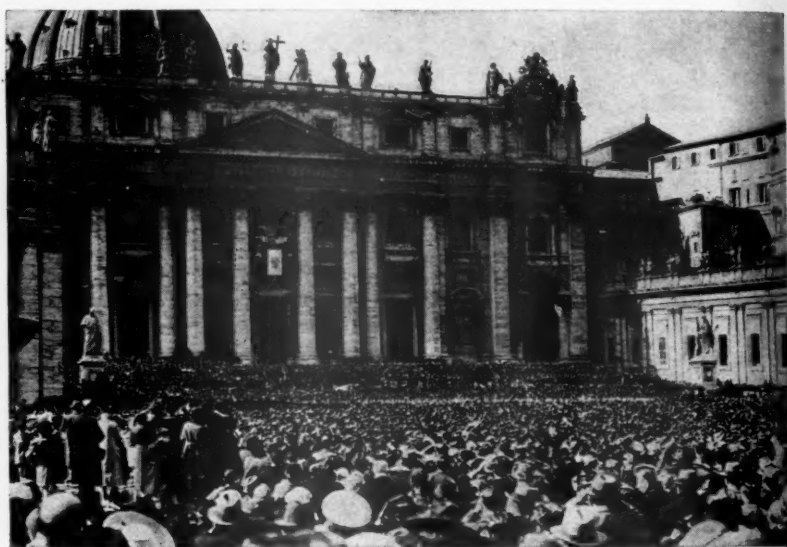
And after his return to Rome as Secretary of State the condition of Germany, which he had learned so closely at first hand, became increasingly the main problem of Europe's future. He had been in Munich during Hitler's early attempt at armed revolt, and he had been there when the Spartacist rising was suppressed and his own Legation was invaded by the Communists. He knew the real danger and the extent of the Communist menace in Germany which the Nazi movement set itself to denounce and overthrow, just as Mussolini had defeated a similar danger by organizing the Fascist movement in Italy.

But he knew also how the Nazi movement was inspired by the doctrine of revenge and of racial pride. He knew how fiercely it had opposed the policy of appeasement which he himself had helped to promote during the conclusion of the Locarno Agreement, which bound Germany, France, and England to defend each other's frontiers from aggression.

In the heroic struggle against the afflictions of all countries, which had resulted directly from the war and from the Peace Treaties, Catholic Action had provided new leaders in many countries. In Italy Mussolini had recognized the growing power and vitality of the Church by concluding the Lateran Treaty and the Concordat which established the Church as the national religion of Italy. In Austria Msgr. Seipel's constructive statesmanship was being followed by his disciple Chancellor Dollfuss. In Hungary, Poland, Czechoslovakia, France, Holland, and Belgium, and not least in Portugal, a group of devoted Catholic statesmen were already applying the

permit, was signed with Hitler's emissary Von Papen, as a pledge that the Church's freedom would be fully respected. But it was scarcely signed before its provisions were glaringly violated with increasing frequency.

In 1934 the danger became more evident when the Austrian Nazis seized the chancellery in Vienna and murdered Dollfuss; but a successor was found in another of Msgr. Seipel's disciples, Dr. Schuschnigg. The Austrian State continued for a few years more of precarious existence as one of the chief Catholic centers in Europe. But the war fever was already gripping Europe while Communist operations renewed their revolutionary activity everywhere.



*Crowd at St. Peter's for the ceremony of the coronation of Pope Pius XII*

social principles of the Church to the reconstruction of their countries during the years of crisis. In Germany Dr. Bruening entered upon his enormous task as leader of the Center party and Chancellor.

But it was in Germany that Catholic Action met the most determined opposition. Time after time Bruening's efforts at international co-operation and economic reconstruction in Germany were frustrated by the Nazis' determination to gain control. In the spring of 1933 Hitler achieved his purpose at last, and within a few months the whole Catholic social movement was suppressed and declared illegal. A Concordat with the Church, which Cardinal Pacelli had himself negotiated in Bruening's time for application as soon as conditions would

In 1936 the storm broke in Spain, with a fierce onslaught on the Church and a civil war which lasted for three years. In France the Communists succeeded in organizing an alliance with the Socialists and radicals for the formation of a "Popular Front," which secured the return of a large Communist Party to the Chamber and enabled them to penetrate the whole machinery of national and local government.

As the years passed the achievements of Catholic Action were gradually being destroyed more quickly than they could be repaired. The religious persecution in Germany became so acute that Pius XI issued two encyclicals in a week, in one denouncing the suppression of religious freedom in Germany, and in the other the increasing menace of

atheistic Communism. The condition of Europe grew steadily worse while Nazi Germany completed the preparations for extending its territories by military force.

In the spring of 1938 Austria was suddenly invaded and annexed and the whole work of Catholic reconstruction was swept aside. In the autumn the same fate fell upon the Sudetenland. Although Hitler had sworn solemnly at Munich that he had no further territorial claims in Europe, the Vatican had learned from bitter experience that his pledges could not be trusted. The future of Catholic Poland was already a cause for deep anxiety when Pius XI died, leaving his successor

Together they combined unique experience of all Benedict's efforts to promote peace negotiations during the last war, and of his constant activities to mitigate its consequences and to promote reconciliation.

The new regime had scarcely started before a new storm broke upon Europe, which shattered every hope that had been based on Hitler's promises at Munich. The German armies suddenly invaded Czechoslovakia and occupied it, enforcing at once the same system of confiscation and suppression of religious freedom which had already crippled the Church's life in Germany and Austria.

At the same time the threat to

pleaded so passionately for a cessation of hostilities during the last war. It had been assumed in every country ever since, that a second war, waged with far more destructive and ruthless weapons, would inevitably cause the collapse of all ordered government and all reasonable prosperity in Europe.

The possibility of such a collapse had never ceased to dominate the outlook of Pius XI. Even without actual warfare, and with the bloodless victories of the Nazi expansion, the Church's work in Europe had been undone to an extent which would take years to repair. That it must never be repaired was indeed one of the fixed purposes of the whole Nazi doctrine, to an extent scarcely distinguishable from the doctrine of Moscow.

There had been no hesitation in the Vatican in proclaiming that the Nazi and the Communist gospels were equally opposed to Christianity. The new Pope himself had never concealed his own view that a fusion of their forces would sooner or later be inevitable. That fusion in fact took place before he had been six months on the papal throne. The Moscow Pact, signed on the eve of the war, left no room to doubt that the supreme fight for the survival of Christianity in Europe was at hand. Within less than a month the Pact was fulfilled by the extinction of Catholic Poland; and the first act was soon played in the division of northern Europe under the new compact between Moscow and Berlin.

There could be no illusions as to what was coming. But if Germany and Russia were embarked together on the conquest of Central and Northern Europe, could the Vatican regard the Allies as the champions of Christendom? The war in Spain had been a terrible lesson to all the world. There, hatred of the Church had found scope for ruthless massacre of priests and nuns, for the burning and looting of churches, for vengeance upon the laity who were known to be supporters of Catholic Action. And in that clear conflict between the Church and anti-Christ, Britain had at best attempted to preserve neutrality while France had given open assistance to the forces of anarchy.

Yet it could be claimed that in Britain and in France there was at



On the top floor of the building behind the obelisk is the apartment of the Pope

to face the dangers which they had striven for years to avert.

In every one of these events Cardinal Pacelli had been directly concerned as Secretary of State. When he ascended the throne he had to appoint a new Secretary of State to fill the position which he had occupied for eight years, and his choice was highly significant. Cardinal Maglione had been, like himself, one of Pope Benedict's principal agents during the great war, as Nuncio in Switzerland. He had afterward become Nuncio to Paris when the Pope had been Nuncio in Berlin, and they had worked together in pursuance of the same policy under Pius XI. Together they combined unique and unrivaled personal experience of the two countries which would be opposed in another war.

Poland's independence was openly apparent. The whole continent prepared for war, while England and France encouraged Poland's preparations to resist any future demands, by giving an absolute guarantee that they would declare war against Germany in case of any further military invasion.

While the expectation of war developed, rapidly the whole future of the Church's organization became an urgent problem for the Holy See. Both Benedict XV, and still more Pius XI, had foreseen that if Europe could not save itself from another catastrophe, the future of Christendom must depend increasingly upon the Church's extension in other continents. "Must all Europe become a field of death?" had been the poignant cry of Benedict XV when he



least religious freedom, and no active persecution of the Church. And when France and Britain pledged themselves to the restoration of Poland's freedom, there could be no doubt where the Vatican's sympathies lay. But war itself could bring no salvation to Europe, even when it resulted, as in Spain, in the recovery of religious freedom. The destruction caused by those three years of civil war cannot be made good within the lifetime of this generation.

All war in Europe, as Benedict had insisted so ardently, is essentially a civil war, a "fratricidal strife" between those who are all children of their common Father in heaven. The new Pope was to repeat those words again and again as the new war developed. He had seen the failure of Benedict's attempts at peace-making, and he understood the difficulties all too clearly. Yet he possessed some advantages which Benedict had not enjoyed and he was determined to exercise them to the utmost.

In those critical weeks last summer, when war grew daily nearer, the Pope and his Secretary of State used every diplomatic channel which they had ever employed in their long previous training as agents of reconciliation. By radio, which had never been possible until long after Benedict's death, the Pope issued a solemn appeal to all the world to assist in preventing the calamity that every people dreaded. In the last resort, when all appeals and diplomatic approaches had failed, the Pope intervened with his own proposals for a compromise concerning Poland. But the die was already cast. No compromise would be considered while Moscow and Berlin had planned a new partition of Poland to enlarge their own territories and to impose their doctrines.

But at least the extension of the war could be prevented—at any rate in its earliest stages. The Lateran Treaty had not only established securely the territorial sovereignty of the Pope over the Vatican City. It had restored intimate relations with Italy, whereas Benedict had been hampered by his confinement to the Vatican Palace, and confronted with an anti-clerical Government which was determined to avoid all contact with the Holy See. As the first native of Rome to be elected Pope for cen-

turies Pius XII had been acclaimed with rejoicings which strengthened greatly his former popularity and influence throughout Italy. Through these cordial relations he was able to exercise a powerful restraint upon Italian policy when it appeared irrevocably committed to the Axis with Berlin.

**T**HAT he would continue, despite discouragement, to do everything that the Pope might possibly do to bring about a cessation of hostilities, was the concluding promise of his first encyclical within the second month of the war. He announced that he would rely particularly upon "those statesmen who before the outbreak of war toiled nobly to avert such a scourge from the peoples," and upon the "millions of souls of all countries and of every sphere who call not for justice alone but for love and mercy."

In practice that promise meant that the Pope would rely chiefly upon the neutral leaders. But could even they be secure in their own neutrality? Of the three Scandinavian kings who lent their aid in those days before the war, two have already suffered invasion by the German armies. Holland and Belgium have already fallen victims to the same ruthless menace. Even Italy which had been, with the United States, the chief hope of mediation, finally entered the war on the German side, while the Pope renews his appeals and daily prayers for peace.

To the President of the United States, just as Benedict XV had turned to President Wilson in the last war, the new Pope addressed his most fervent appeals for aid in leading the world back to peace. He could appeal to him, moreover, in the terms of personal friendship formed during his visit to the United States. President Roosevelt responded immediately by requesting permission to appoint a personal envoy as his resident representative at the Holy See, so that their efforts might be combined in direct and constant contact.

One lesson of Benedict's failure as a mediator had been the danger of losing all chance of further intervention if the Pope made his appeal without full previous approaches to both sides, to insure their readiness to consider peace proposals. The new Pope has accordingly made

clear at the outset the principles which are indispensable to any hope of a just peace. At Christmas he outlined the five necessary conditions for such a peace, which were virtually a restatement of Benedict's proposals, adapted to altered conditions. There is the same insistence upon repudiation of force instead of right, the same demand for disarmament and for international guarantees against military aggression, the same insistence upon an unqualified acceptance of the divine laws of justice and charity.

On that basis no prospect yet emerges for any effective mediation by the Holy See. The obstacles which wrecked Benedict's peace appeal in 1917 are still more formidable today. In face of Germany's continuing conquests, Britain cannot accept defeat so long as any hope of ultimate victory remains.

At the same time there is even less faith today in Germany's promises of peaceful intentions than when President Wilson replied to the Pope's peace appeal by declaring that "we cannot take the word of the present rulers of Germany as a guarantee of anything that is to endure." Three long years of war had passed before Benedict could find even that fleeting opportunity which seemed hopeful in the summer of 1917. It would be vain to hope now for any early or successful intervention by his successor.

The Pope's second encyclical, in November, concerning the Church's expansion in the United States, was no less significant than his first, concerning war and the causes of it in the old world. As vicar of the Prince of Peace he continues the work of the two Popes whom he served so devotedly. As their disciple also, he has consecrated his efforts to attaining in the other continents that "peace of Christ in the kingdom of Christ" which Europe has rejected.

In describing the immense and rapid expansion of the Church in the United States within 150 years he showed how persecution in their own countries had sent missionaries to other lands where their work bore fruit a hundredfold. And in the present chaos of Europe and its colonial empires, through which Christianity has extended far and wide, that same lesson may again be demonstrated still more strikingly before the war is over.

*The Social Dynamic in Most Important Movements  
Has Always Been the Small Group. So Too in Catholic  
Action the Small Group Will Be the Militant Unit*



*Meeting of a young Christian students' group at Ottawa with their chaplain*

# The Group in Catholic Action

By PAUL McGUIRE

WHATEVER the ultimate size and organization of Catholic Action may become, the militant unit will generally be the small group. The social dynamic in most important movements, from the Benedictines to the Communist Party, is almost always the small group, as Mr. Aldous Huxley has pointed out. And we have better authority than Mr. Huxley's, for Our Lord built the Church on those first few men whom He gathered about Him and trained.

Catholic Action is an apostolate, and in all its methods we should study the methods employed by the first Apostles.

Those organizations which are now what we may call the "achieved types" of Catholic Action grew from

the working of several small groups.

A group should be large enough to induce social co-operation and responsibility, small enough to allow proper play for individual initiative and zeal. Twelve is almost the ideal number.

If two or three or four people come together to form a group, their action should primarily be to recruit the group, to build up its membership. When the membership of the group passes beyond twelve, to fourteen or sixteen, the group should be split into two groups, and each group should in its turn recruit. When each is grown again to fourteen or sixteen, it should again split: and so on, without ceasing. This is essentially the method of Catholic Action: to re-

cruit for the group. Each group maintains organic unity with the other groups, working under a common direction and occasionally combining for jobs which require their combined strength.

It will be noticed that this method of growth is essentially the method of life. It is so that living organisms develop, by the division and multiplication of growing cells in organic unity. Catholic Action must grow. It cannot be manufactured. It belongs not to mechanics but to life, the life of the Mystical Body of Christ.

The group then always has before it a problem of recruiting, some concrete problem, the problem of some Bill Murphy or Mary Jones. It concentrates on Bill and Mary until it gets them. It is fishing for men, as Peter fished for men.

When a group is grown sufficiently to divide, a first principle of specialization can be applied. Specialization in Catholic Action is required by the principles of Catholic Action and by the very nature of the Apostolate. The Pope emphasized it when he said that the apostle to the employer must be the employer, the apostle to the workingman must be the workingman. And this is obvious sense. It is the workingman who lives among workingmen, the employer who lives among employers, and obviously we must develop the apostolate in the world which we inhabit, the world of our daily intercourse.

Each of us must penetrate his own milieu. He must attempt the reform of his own little world. He must begin, as the Jocists put it, with himself, his family, his friends, his workmates, the people he meets in his daily round.

This is where Catholic Action begins to get tough. Most of us are quite ready to start on a reform of the world at large, but decidedly slow to start on ourselves and our own immediate circles. Yet if we ourselves do not act in our own little world, who will do so?

So when we begin to divide our groups we begin at once to divide them according to some principle of specialization. The first division might well be an age division. If the original group is made up of people over and under twenty-five, divide them thus. Each generation has its own problems and outlook and temper, and a youth movement is seldom at ease when it is dominated by its

elders, for youth has its own world.

The second division may be according to sex. Thus one original group of men and women of different ages would become four groups; young women, young men, older women, older men. At this point, while each of the four groups maintains contact with the others it begins to form cross-connections with groups elsewhere in its own category: the young women's group links up with a young women's group in another parish, the young men with another group of young men. And still each continues to recruit.

The next principle of sub-division should be, I believe, vocational. The employer to the employer, the workingman to the workingman is an example. If most are employees, they begin to divide by their types of employment. Transport workers and industrial workers, land workers and office workers, shop workers and miners. If there are enough employers or "executives," form a group for them. Form groups of professional men and of students.

The division of the European youth movements into Christian Workers, Peasants, School Children, University Students, Middle Class people, and Sailors is an example of vocational specialization.

In a city like Lille, one may see nowadays the Christian Workers at their Catholic Action among the workers in the mills, while the Christian Bourgeoisie movement is at work on the owners and managers of the mills.

We must get one thing clearly into our heads: that Catholic Action is an apostolate in our daily world. When we come together in the evenings to study our social principles or our dogma or whatever it may be, we are *not* doing Catholic Action. A study circle is not Catholic Action. It is preparation for Catholic Action.

Catholic Action is out in the world, not in the study circle. The apostolate is to the world. There is a difference between the training bases and the front line, and that is the difference between the study circle and the Action. The training is essential to the Action, and in the group we plan and organize the methods of Action. But the Action is out there in the world.

In the Paris Stock Exchange there are now a dozen Catholic Action groups. These men come together to

study their lives and vocations in the light of Christian principles. But then they attempt to apply those principles and to win to them their associates on the Stock Exchange. That is where the Action is.

It is just this charge and responsibility of the apostolate that excites and inspires young people. Very few of them will remain permanently interested in a merely defensive organization, and it is my experience that recreational activities, if they are overdone, bore them. Study circles too will bore them, if the study circles remain only study circles. What they want is action and the highest form of action. I believe that we shall win young people to Catholic Action only by boldly demanding that they take part in it to their fullest power and to its highest end.

The young can be challenged to great adventure, and so it is that the young are making Catholic Action everywhere. They have not become worldly-wise, like those sober souls who think always of their prospects and ambitions in life. It does not matter much whether we have many or few people in the first stages of Catholic Action, but it does matter that those we have shall be adventurers for Christ. We do not want people

even from all those people who lead in our familiar Catholic activities. Their assistance is useful and they have their obligation to take part in the Apostolate, but the first enthusiasts are seldom men of the world.

But zeal and ardor need to be directed to right ends, and that is why we must have proper studies and order and organization growing as the groups grow. It is my own impression that here in the United States more order and direction is now required. Everywhere I go in this country I find young people charged and bounding with enthusiasm. The human material and the energy are splendid. But each group is working far too much alone, and often with far too vague an idea of where it is going. If Americans have any weakness (which, of course, I doubt), it is that they want to plunge into immediate action without always properly considering the ends of their action. They want to be going, even when they are not certain where they are going. And once they begin to go, they go with such a burst that they seldom take time off to think of the direction.

In Catholic Action we should always have our end, our purpose, our direction clearly in mind. The means should then be planned to the end.



*Girls of a young Christian students' group at Edmonton reading the publication of their organization*

who are wise in their generation. We want people who are like little children in their zest and ardor . . . for it is only of them that the Kingdom is made in heaven or on earth.

One is seldom likely to get one's leaders for Catholic Action from the ultra-respectable people, perhaps not

A period of quietude is more than desirable, now and again. This is one of the reasons why the Lay Retreat should always have a prominent place in the life of the groups. If it is possible, there should be two week-end retreats at least in each year, and one half-day retreat in the alternate quar-



ters of the year. One would hope that the priest giving the retreats should be familiar with the milieu, the ambitions, and the work of the group, or that he should at least make some preliminary contact with them before the retreat.

In all my dealings with Jocists and Jecists and Jacists and the rest I have always been profoundly impressed by their vigorous understanding of the relation of means to end. These young people are conquering their worlds because they *know* what they are doing and how to do it. If you ask a Jocist what life is at, he will tell you: This is the end; these are the means. And he can tick them off, A, B, C, D, in clear, succinct sentences. He has cleared his mind, and because he has cleared his mind there is great hope in the world again. I mix a good deal, for my sins, with "intellectuals" of one sort and another, but I do not know any minds in the modern world which, for clean and sure thinking, approach the minds of the workers and peasants and sailors in Catholic Action.

The specialization of France and Belgium need not be literally imitated here. Any attempt at mere imitation is a sign that the local scene and situation has not been sufficiently observed. Each country has its own character, traditions, problems, which must be considered in the development of our means and methods. In Australia, specialization is still much more local. For instance, we are forming groups now not by the general vocation but in the actual place of work. We have not yet a general industrial workers' movement but we have cells and units in particular factories or shops or offices. In a street of drapery stores, we try for what the Jocist calls an Active Service Unit in each store, but the bond between each is not yet a general organization of store employees but the Catholic Action structure at large.

**L**ATER, these specialized groups will probably be affiliated in a larger organization: but at the moment they are each particular instruments of general groups.

From the first, if it is possible, groups should have a parochial basis. It may not be possible, if in a city only a little handful of people drawn from different parishes are at first interested: but as the groups grow, the ef-

fort should always be made toward parochial organization.

This does not mean that Catholic Action is parochial work. As I have been insisting, the work is out in the daily milieux. But the parish is the normal channel of sacramental grace, the source and strength of our being; it is the base from which we depart and to which we return for spiritual reinforcement. Therefore it is of primary importance.

Let us frankly admit that there is often confusion and difficulty at this point. A parish priest may sometimes believe that all the energies and work of the group should be thrown into immediate parish development. This is not so. For that, there exist the appropriate parish organizations, and Catholic Action is not another of these. It is not just another Catholic society. It is the apostolate to the world. One cannot insist too much upon that. The layman has been reminded by the Holy Father that he as well as priest and bishop belongs to the Church and that he must share not only the exquisite privileges of membership but the duties, the charge, the mission of the Church in the world. That mission is to *Go and Teach*. The job of Catholic Action is to intensify Christ's meanings in the lives of its members and to extend those meanings in the world. It extends those bonds of charity which are the bonds of His Body. It *incorporates* the world in His Body. It does not divert its attention from these major ends by excessive attention to local parochial needs which can be met by local parochial organizations.

At first, a parish priest may sometimes feel that he is losing to Catholic Action enthusiasm and energy which he needs in his parochial work. This is a very natural view to take. It becomes especially the business of the Catholic Actionists to show him then that their participation in Catholic Action makes them actually better parishioners, and that the fruits of their Action will be an intensification and extension of the Catholic life.

Two things are hateful to Catholic Action: anti-clericalism and anti-laicism. It is only by the union of priest and laity that Catholic Action can succeed, and that union is something like the union of soul and body. The priest is the spirit of Catholic Action. He brings it the Sacraments and he continues in it his cure of souls and his charge of consciences. He is

there to watch that the program and policies of the laymen who direct Catholic Action (under the Bishop) do not depart from good order, from faith or morals. He is not there to work out the details of the Catholic Action programs, but to see that these conform with the true end of Catholic Action. But actual responsibility for the Action, within that supervision, belongs properly to the laity; and where no fundamental matter is involved, it is better for a priest to let his groups find their own way by painful trial and error than to push them himself into a course of immediate success. We need, for our lay leaders, a process of education, and part of that process is to learn responsibility.

**I** BELIEVE that the time has now come in the United States when courses of training in leadership could be usefully promoted. Leaders must be trained to lead before they can lead, and in all the efforts that are now being made here and there across the continent, it is trained leadership that one chiefly misses. There are more than enough people ardently concerned to begin the great task of christening America: the immediate issue is the *How*—how to begin and what exactly to do.

Some organizations are already promoting these schools of Catholic Action, but more are needed. I am not now thinking of schools for specific studies in dogma and sociology, but of schools concerned to teach the methods of group leadership and of group formation and of group technique in the actual tasks of the apostolate.

Our studies are sterile until they inform our lives, until we make their meanings active in the world. The act should always proceed from the study; and it is this translation of study into action that is urgent.

Catholic Action refuses the values of the secularized world. It does not conform to the secular standards. But it does not retreat from the world. It advances into it. It imposes its own values, it lives them out. It converts the world by manifesting Christ to the world. It is Christ in the world.

The law of Christ is charity. We shall grow in the world again as we first grew when the Christ-less men about us are shocked into the old pagans' exclamation: "See how these people love one another."

# THE PASSIONISTS OPEN LETTER to the EDITOR

By RUPERT

LANGENBACHER, C.P.

Dear Father Theophane:

Why I should be writing this letter isn't exactly clear even to myself. Perhaps I am merely doing what I would like you to do for me, were you in my position and I in yours.

No doubt many readers of *THE SIGN* know you were a missionary in China for over five years. Few of your readers, however, may be aware that most of your foreign mission activity was among the aborigines of China, known as the Miao tribe.

Now it happens that I am spending a week at your old spiritual hunting grounds at Yungsui, looking after the Mission until its pastor, Fr. Basil, returns from Yüanling.

Seeing copies of *THE SIGN* about, naturally brought recollections of you, and of your former arduous work here over ten years ago. Thinking of you led to speaking of you and the early days of the Yungsui Mission.

From your sowing of the first Gospel seeds in 1927, abundant fruits



Two of Yungsui's first Christians

are now being reaped. Thumbing through the baptismal register I note that about seventy baptisms have been administered in the last year; while the next twelve months promise an even greater harvest.

You will be happy to know that your first two converts are still spiritually and physically vigorous. Old Mr. Wu, now sixty-six and five times a grand-daddy, is catechist of the Yungsui Mission; while Philip Yang who has had two "blessed events" is in charge of the chapel at Wa Chang.

This morning both of the old timers proudly posed for a picture to be sent to you, their spiritual father. They then gave me a brief account of their coming into the Catholic Church. In their case, as in countless others, you will remember God's Providence was strangely wonderful. Both admitted that of all un-



Child refugees from Anhwei Province

usual persons it was a Buddhist priest who led them to your door!

Mr. Wu had partly decided to become a Protestant when he met the pagan priest, Yang Ho Sang. Strange as it may seem, Yang advised Mr. Wu to become a Catholic, saying: "The Lord of Heaven Religion is the true religion."

Philip Yang's conversion had a similar beginning, but in this instance the Buddhist priest helped one of his own kin; for Philip was a nephew of the priest.

This pagan priest, although convinced of the truth of the Catholic religion, did not himself enter the Church, as you remember, either in your time or later. Last year he did go so far, however, as to study doctrine for some months. Fr. Basil,



A young miss named "Gemma"

wishing to test his sincerity, asked him to leave off his Buddhist practice of perpetually abstaining from meat. Yang failed in this test and later returned home. Shortly after he died suddenly of cholera. Surely God will show a special mercy to him, who though weak himself, aided others strongly.

Were you to drop in on us from a trip on the China Clipper, you would scarcely recognize your former mission of Our Lady of Sorrows. Gone are your previous dilapidated hut and humble chapel.

A fine, two-story catechumenate building has been erected by Fr. Basil. A new Church with a seating capacity of five hundred is nearing completion, while plans for a girls' school and a priests' house are already being drawn up. However, as with all mission projects, they are dependent on the kindly help of American friends.

A few days ago I said Mass in the temporary chapel. It was jammed to the door, despite the fact that this is the sowing season when people are busy in the fields. Such are the favorable prospects of converts that I fear Fr. Basil's new church, within a few years, is going to prove altogether too small. The Miaos make sincere and zealous Catholics. When baptized they are anxious to share their good fortune with relatives and friends.

Their zeal in studying the Church's teachings would make many Catholics drop their heads in shame. For even after spending eight to ten hours daily in doctrine study, some of our Miaos insist on burning the "midnight oil" to make further progress. The difficulty at times is not to per-

## IN CHINA



*Miao youths like strenuous fun*

suade them to study but to prevent them. If all peoples were so well disposed, how quickly would God's Kingdom come upon earth.

In those first days at Yungsui did you even dream that American motor cars would pass the Mission door? Yet even this has come to pass. Although the bus station is half a mile up the road, a Dodge, Chevrolet, or Oldsmobile bus, or even now and then a private car, pays us a passing visit.

In your years here most of the people who walked the Yungsui streets were the local gentry or those from surrounding towns and villages. Now one is likely to rub elbows with persons from any one of China's most distant provinces. Saturday I passed a foreign-dressed Chinese gentleman and his wife. They are from Shanghai, employed here in a government bureau.

Even age-old Yungsui customs are passing into a new phase. This was strikingly brought home to me during a conversation with a Chinese youth last week. He confided to me the keenly disappointing outcome of his love affair. The local girl to whom he had been espoused from childhood, threw tradition to the winds, and eloped with a stranger.

Not only are customs changing, but what is more noticeable is the swift advance in the prices of all commodities. Can you visualize back in 1927 paying sixty cents for a pound of salt; sixteen dollars for a gallon of kerosene; two dollars for a pound of sugar and sixty dollars for a bushel of rice? Yet those are the prices on the street today.

What the peak will be, or how the people will continue to exist with

these wartime prices is beyond me. But I do know this, and it is with a most grateful heart that I thank God for it, that were it not for the continued generosity of your readers many a Chinese would feel more acutely the pangs of hunger.

In the good old days of years ago, do you remember how a perfectly fine night's rest might be spoiled by the coming of bandits? Well! Our mode of disturbance is more modern nowadays. Monday night we had two air alarms against Jap planes. As one was the "urgent signal," I took the Blessed Sacrament and went beyond the city limits. We later learned that some hours previously Changsha had been bombed by five planes.

Yesterday we had another air alarm. This time the planes could be heard here in the Mission, but they were not near enough to be visible.

And so I might continue to tell



*Fire leaves little for rebuilding*

you of vast changes in Yungsui of one kind or another. But I have a lurking suspicion that some of these bright days you will come back to see them for yourself; if not indeed as a permanent resident at least as a most welcome visitor. I suggested this to Mr. Wu this morning. His eyes sparkled; his bronzed face rippled into smiles; chuckled he: "I hope he comes back here and doesn't return."

The refugee camp here occupies a great deal of Fr. Basil's time. Until this war is over the only change in such a project of charity will be an increase of activity. This is a mercy we cannot neglect, and one which will bring us and our benefactors many blessings.

At the same time we do not care

to see Yungsui's spiritual progress slowed. You, more than anyone, have always claimed that the possibilities for the Church's growth here are magnificent. All of us who have contacted these Miao people must agree with you. They have a simplicity, a ruggedness, a directness about them which leaves one in little doubt as to their sincerity when they ask for instructions.

But you know that only an increase in the number of schools and catechists can do justice to the people of this district. And, in turn, you realize that the increase depends on the support which you may be able to send us.

Fr. Basil does not know that I am writing to you in this strain, but I am sure he will approve. What was begun and has continued here with so much promise should not be neglected. As you are attached to these people by every memory of your success and your hardships here, so I hope you will find it possible to interest friends in the mission which witnessed so much of your labors. I cannot guess whether my hint to Wu and Yang about your returning will ever come true. But I am sure that the readers of *THE SIGN*, who now know you as Editor, will do what they can for your Yungsui Mission.

Great success, we all pray, will attend your efforts and those of your staff to promote Catholic literature in America, for the Catholic Press defends the Faith. But I know that while you are sitting at your desk in *THE SIGN* office you will be thinking of and planning for the conversion of your Miao people in Western Hunan to the Catholic Church.



*Cars replace mules at Yungsui*



# Lo—The Kingdom of God!

By CORMAC SHANAHAN, C.P.

SOME people have wondered skeptically about the sincerity of conversions in China. Catholic priests and Sisters here, on the contrary, have marveled at the speed and fullness of the light which has flooded many souls by God's gracious gift of faith. Stories that read like the winsomeness of Little Nellie of Holy God, or the charming simplicity of Saint Therese, the Little Flower of Jesus, are lived again and again with a vividness that astounds one.

Teng Yuan Chen was only eight years old. She became impressed by the loving friendship of one of her own family name, Anna Teng, a devout Catholic. Little Yuan Chen clung to Anna like a child to its mother, followed her to different places when there was danger from the Reds or other bandits and watched her every word and action. One day, suddenly, she grasped Anna's hand and pleaded: "Anna Chie-Chie, why do you not take me to the Mission to learn the doctrine of the Lord of Heaven?"

Shortly after, Anna arranged with Fr. Cyprian, C.P., to have Yuan Chen enter the grade school in the Mission where she herself was teacher. But while others studied their school books, this chosen little soul busied herself with the catechism and several times during the day would present herself to recite what she had memorized. Came a day when Anna noticed the young child bent over her desk with her hand pressed hard against her side.

"What is the matter, Mei-Mei; are you sick?" she asked.

"It is not that," cried out some of her classmates. "Yuan Chen is deceiving; she is but lazy and unwilling to study her school books."

"But Yuan Chen has never lied before," rebuked the teacher, "you must not say that."

True enough the girl was found to be suffering and had to be brought home to bed.

"Ask Anna Chie-Chie to come and pray for me and I will be cured," she pleaded. Anna had studied medicine with Sister Finan and did what she could for the little sufferer.



Such a sunny child was Theresa Teng Chen

"But it is baptism I long for," she cried. "Can you not now make me a child of God?"

A few hurried words with the mother and father, to obtain their promise that the child would not be hindered in the Catholic Faith, and Anna turned again to the girl waiting anxiously on the bed. "This is not for your bodily sickness, Yuan Chen, but for your soul's salvation," she said.

"I know that," replied the girl quickly, "for I have studied well."

Then after a few short questions to assure herself that the child understood, Anna baptized her and gave her the name Theresa. In a few days she was apparently well again and returned to school.

She entered earnestly into the practice of her Catholic Faith. A most likeable girl, other parents with growing sons sought to have her promised for future marriage. "No Mother, please do not espouse me," was her only reply, "I want to remain a virgin."

Again she fell ill. This time, her family said, they would call the fortune teller and have enchantments read. The pleadings of the girl against this were pathetic.

"But if we do not do so, you will die," they urged.

"I am willing to die," she said simply, "and after my death do not carry out any superstitious practices, for they would most certainly prevent you from going to Heaven and you would never see me again."

Anyone who has gotten the wrong impression that a little girl means nothing in a Chinese family should have seen the reverent, listening group gathered around that sick bed. One sat at the head of the bed with tear-filled eyes, the small head of the patient cushioned on her lap.

"But surely I will see my little daughter again," she said as she tried to smile down upon her dying child.

"I will pray for you, mother."

"And your father?"

"It will be hard for him," was the faint reply, "for he has taken a second wife and must correct his ways."

"And your little sister here?"

"Ah yes," turning her eyes toward her half-sister in the arms of its mother, "I must save the soul of my little sister."

The end was very near. "Do you see anything, Hsiao Mei?" she was asked.

"Only a beautiful virgin in the doorway holding a vase of flowers." A long pause, and then from the dying little Theresa—"Mother, carry me out to see the heavens." Tenderly and lovingly she was lifted up and brought out to the courtyard. "That is enough," she said after looking up at the sky. And placed again on her bed, she immediately dropped off smiling into her long sleep.

The next Sunday eight members of that household attended Holy Mass. And nine days after the death of little Theresa, her baby sister, whose soul she had promised to save, took suddenly sick. Anna was called and asked to baptize the child. The following day the child died.

Such an experience gives a new meaning to the Scriptural words: "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His Saints." And death did become a precious, wonderfully different thing, too, to all the members of little Yuan Chen's family. In her short life, time and life itself, death and eternity, and the realities of our holy religion all flashed before us "like the lightning which appeareth in the East and shineth even to the West," and things seemed so clear and simple in their proper perspective to these humble people.

# Stories From An Album

By DUNSTAN THOMAS, C.P.

IT IS a long time since I was home, but I recall that a never-failing source of entertainment for my friends was my picture album. Among the snapshots which pleased them were pictures of animals, and as I told some incidents connected with them my friends added to my experiences and we made pleasant conversation.

"Pa Johnny! What an extraordinary name to give a mule. How did you happen on it?" an observer asked. Thereupon I told about the idiosyncrasies of the villain. He was a yegg of the animal world, clever at untying knots and unbarring doors. He was young and vigorous and of a trying temper, but Lee handled him well.

Pa Johnny soon got used to his new surroundings, and one morning we put him in the pasture opposite the Mission. As he was being tied by a leg to the stake I noticed how intently he watched Lee fastening the knots.

Someone wanted me, just then, to give him some medicine, so I returned to my room. From habit I glanced out the window. Pa was working away at the rope. One knot was loosened, then the second and third. With a triumphant "hee-haw" he kicked the rope off, wheeled around and was off in a whirlwind of dust.

Hurriedly, I rushed to the stable where Lee was doing chores and yelled, "Lee! Pa got the rope loose and has run off. Hurry up with me and we shall try to find him."

We made hasty inquiries as to which direction he had taken and found out that he had veered off the road into the fields among the hills. After three hours of intensive searching we found Pa grazing peacefully in old man Chou's rice fields.

"Oh!" I groaned as I contemplated the extent of Pa's foray. "How shall we get him out? What damages shall I have to pay? Old Chou drives a hard bargain, you know." Pa had fed well and offered little resistance to being tied and led home.

When he was safe in the barn and

Lee was barring the door, I turned to give my beauty a last look. He was watching Lee. "Just look at the villain! I'll bet he can open that door," I said.

I sat down to write a few letters. Some boys were coming along the road and as they passed the barn door they threw rocks at it. I was up in an instant and into the barn from a side door. Sure enough Pa was at the door and had already slid open one bar.

He was always dependable on the road until we reached a village. Then he might take a fancy to enter any house he pleased. Once I couldn't rein him in on time and he took me into a house where a banquet was going on, much to my embarrassment. I jumped off before a catastrophe occurred, but couldn't grasp the reins soon enough. He fled to a temple nearby and stood in the doorway until Lee came and brought him back. Pa and I soon after parted company.

We turned to the section of the album displaying pictures of cats. The prize one I was interested in depicted "Boots" sitting on a stand on a passenger boat and looking out a window.

"What was particularly interesting about 'Boots'?" one old lady asked. "His amiability," I answered. "Boots" acquired social manners by mixing with the passengers. I remember him best on a trip I made from Shanghai

to Hankow. The day was hot and my stateroom door was open. The book I was reading proved dull, so I stretched out on the bed to watch "Boots" as he amused himself with a coil of rope.

Each time he struck it, he uttered those queer meows familiar to cat lovers. I, thinking to attract his attention, mimicked him. In an instant he bounded into my room and onto my bed, and ever so gently tapped me on the mouth with a velvety paw and was gone.

"Have you rabbits, too, in China?" a little fellow asked delightedly. He saw a picture of Br'er sitting on my shoulder. I had to keep a rabbit in my room at night to keep rats away. I used to take him along with me on visits to other Missions. Once my traveling companion and I were pressed for room and had to double up. The problem was, "Where to put the rabbit." I didn't want to put him with the natives for fear of prowling cats. So, after much prevailing on the kindness of my room mate, Br'er found quarters in our room.

It was a secret until one morning when an early riser was coming along the corridor in the dark. Br'er had slipped out during the night and was frisking about. Try to visualize a dark corridor and a person half asleep trying to distinguish what manner of animal could be hopping about at that hour. It would upset the stoutest nerves. The belief of some of the Chinese that spirits are abroad can work on the imagination, and the person alluded to, half frightened out of his wits, emitted a terrifying yell. Exit the rabbit.

"That's a water buffalo you are looking at, John," I explained. "And those birds you see perched on its back are either magpies or crows." The buffalo isn't always as gentle as depicted; he can be temperamental and vicious.

Whenever I see one in the fields, I am reminded of two narrow escapes I had. One incident happened shortly after I was appointed to my first



Fr. Basil's wild cat does time

Mission. My catechist and I were returning from the country through the rice fields. Some distance ahead we saw a large gathering of people acting excitedly.

"The bandits have come," I said to the catechist, with much trepidation. He leaned out of his chair and looked fixedly for a few moments. "No," he said with an assuring shake of his head. On coming nearer we saw people wielding clubs and striking a buffalo. We saw the animal standing over a man who had been gored.

**S**UDDENLY the brute broke from his tormentors and made for the path we had just come along. With all possible dispatch we took to our heels and made for the farmhouse across the fields. It wasn't long before two shots rang out. The buffalo had been put out of harm's way.

Next day the meat was for sale on the street of the city. It was one of those rare occasions when it was possible to have a meal of good beef. Ordinarily we don't eat beef because the Chinese seldom kill an animal.

Then, there was the "Saturday" buffalo, as we used to call him, an animal fully as vicious as the one I just mentioned. He hated horses and used to lurk in the environs of a certain village through which I once rode on a Saturday, en route to another village for Sunday Mass. The first and only time I rode through that village is still vivid in my mind. I hadn't been told when setting out that the buffalo was there and as we passed the last house and came out on the large, long stretch of level land beyond, a weird squeal was heard.

My horse sensed the danger and taking the bit in his mouth, ran as never before, with the cumbersome buffalo pursuing and seeming to gain on us. Happily he gave up the chase as the broad road narrowed into a winding path.

"A magnifying glass will show this picture to the best advantage," I suggested as I pointed to a picture of my room showing a superb tiger skin. A grateful friend had presented it to me for curing his son. Under the glass the skin would give a good idea of the size of the tigers in some districts of our Vicariate. When the natives mention tigers I am not afraid. I am rather amused by the "tails" they put on the stories.

However, a true story of a tiger's depredations came to me from an-

other missionary. The vicious man-killer had devoured eighty persons and innumerable cattle before he was done away with. Tigers were known to have been in the vicinity at many times, but rarely had one appeared which equalled the ferocity of this one. It was considered a holy beast and not to be killed.

In fact, to appease the brute's thirst for human blood, live pigs were substituted at strategic points for his consumption. To scare him away, the natives kept up long drummings and clashings of cymbals. The new soldiers, however, soon killed the stalking terror of the neighborhood and peace returned to the fear-crazed inhabitants.

I have not heard of another in-



*Two wild dogs in captivity*

cident of this kind since, but one of my Christians who lives on a high hill in a wild section, told me how the buffaloes huddle together with their young when a tiger attacks them. The older animals when pasturing never stray far, and when the tiger does come he finds it practically impossible to jump on a buffalo. They form a circle with heads out and lowered, and with their long sharp horns can impale an over-daring tiger. The natives are quick and skilful with the gun and soon have the situation in hand.

"This beautiful bas-relief," I said, pointing to another photograph, "is from the Moon Gate of the Bright Moon Temple, not far from my Mission. The detail I wish you to notice is the dog reaching for the moon. He is trying to eat it while the people depicted near him are banging on gongs and drums in an effort to avert a tragedy. Yes, it is laughable, but the seriousness of the event in actual life excites pity rather than derision."

So many of my friends believe that the dog will eat the moon unless they help out that they go to much expense to avert it. In my early days in China there was to be a total eclipse of the moon and I noted it carefully in my book; but as I was traveling at the time of the event, it had slipped my mind. That day had been a particularly trying one as we sailed along the Yuan in a convoy, worrying whether or not we would meet the bandits. Our boats had tied up for the night at a village and I, weary from the trials of the day was just dropping off to sleep when strange noises and yells startled me. There was besides an ominous quiet aboard, such as prevails before the bandits swoop down.

I nervously asked my servant, "What is all the noise about?"

"Oh," he answered coolly, "that is the townspeople helping the moon against the heavenly dog. It's the eclipse you told me about."

"So it is," I said with much relief. Everybody got up then. It was amusing to hear the remarks of the boatmen referring to the danger the moon was in of being eaten up, as the dog approached nearer and nearer.

Glad to have a little fun after the tenseness of the day, I leaned over to an old fellow who was intensely watching the phenomenon, and said, "It looks as though the dog will eat it."

"It has never happened, sir. The noise drives the dog off," he said reassuringly.

Another picture showed my little black and tan dog romping with the orphans. Had it not been for his alertness while watching from his kennel one bright night, and his warning bark, a thief would have entered my bedroom.

Toward three in the morning, I was awakened from a sound sleep by furious barking, to see a torch light being trained on the bedroom window. I stole noiselessly to a position behind the wash stand and looked out through the screen, just as the would-be intruder was about to jump down. He caught sight of me and crouched low, froglike, on the tiles. It was a guessing game. Who had the gun? Not I. Slowly the fellow moved along the wall and out of sight. An hour passed and then another. Came the daylight and with it my composure returned. The dog indeed proved the better watchman.



# When Catholics Meet

By STANLEY B. JAMES

*Illustrated by John Murphy*

EVERY age has its own vocabulary. The fashions of the time give certain words a special importance. They are bandied about in the press and in common speech, acquiring passionate significance which acts on the crowd-mind as the flapping of his country's flag acts on the patriot.

One of the words which our generation has coined to indicate its particular ideology is the term "solidarity." The popularity of the thing thus signified is the result of that large-scale production effected by modern mechanism. We work now, not as individual craftsmen, but in crowds, and we manufacture goods wholesale in a manner which standardizes the taste of the consumer. It is in the same way that our entertainers cater for us, enabling millions to see the same film or listen in to the same type of music. It is to a similar cause that is to be attributed the ability of powerful personalities, acting on the sort of mentality thus created, to fuse a whole nation into a solid mass, echoing with one voice the sentiments of its Leader.

It is obvious that the Church cannot be indifferent to this state of things. It is equally clear that it cannot

react to it in a merely negative way, pointing out the evils, such as the suppression of individual freedom, resulting from a solidarity thus created. For one thing, the phenomenon is too universal and too closely bound up with the material conditions of our age to be treated in that way. To expect our generation to revert to the individualism of its fathers is futile. For good or evil, we are a socially minded generation and nothing will alter the fact.

If the evils incidental to the kind of sociability generated are to be overcome, it will not be by a reversion to nineteenth-century individualism but by revealing a higher type of sociability than that produced in the manner described. Instead of a machine-made solidarity our age must be presented with a supernaturally created solidarity permitting of individuality.

It must be granted that we have not gone far in this direction. If you stand and watch a congregation coming out of church after Mass, you will observe that the crowd breaks up, each going his own way, much as does the stream of passengers issuing from a railroad terminus

after a journey during which they have been temporarily associated. Nor is it only on emerging from the church that our congregations display this lack of solidarity. For many at least, the service is no more than a public function which serves their private interest, just as a post office though run by the community for the community is regarded only as a convenience enabling us to conduct our special business.

Referring to this state of things and comparing it with that which obtained in the first centuries, Dom Cabrol wrote: "A service in a modern church, especially in a big town, cannot give an idea of a similar gathering in the early church. A modern congregation is made up, for the most part, of people who are utter strangers to each other, who take no interest in each other, and, only too often, their lack of interest applies even to what goes on at the altar. It was otherwise in those days. Then the sacred function was a truly corporate act in which all, clergy and people alike, took their respective part."

I shall be told that in many parishes abundant opportunities are offered for social intercourse. Dances,



*Catholic solidarity is best exemplified in the vital association of the faithful in the holy sacrifice of the Mass*

card parties, and other functions are organized for bringing folk together. That is true, but it does not meet the case. These social occasions, largely attended by non-Catholics, are not distinctive of the Church. They differ in no important respect from functions organized by other bodies. No one would pretend that there is anything particularly supernatural about them.

This is not to deny that they provide a useful means of supplementing parish funds or that they supply wholesome recreation comparatively free from the dangers found elsewhere. The fact remains that they do not exemplify the special kind of sociability which it is the unique privilege of the Church to create. The solidarity characteristic of the Church is, as I have said, supernatural. The manner in which it is brought about is a mystery. Such a fellowship as that described by Dom Cabrol is little short of a miracle; that is the only way in which to explain it.

A much closer association than that found among Catholics is to be seen existing between the members of sectarian bodies. But the reason for this is obvious. It is explained in the contrast drawn by the English critic, Mathew Arnold. "The mention of other religious bodies or of their leaders," he wrote, "at once calls up in our mind the thought of men of a definite type as their adherents; the mention of Catholicism suggests no such special following . . .

It suggests—what shall I say?—all the pell-mell of the men and women of Shakespeare's plays."

Now, it will be agreed that it is a comparatively easy task to get people of the same social class, or cultural level or temperamental type to treat each other as members of the same family. The natural affinity which exists between them on the grounds mentioned supplies a sufficient basis for friendship. But how are you going to fuse into one family "all the pell-mell of the men and women of Shakespeare's plays"? How are you going to get the manual laborer and the high-born lady, the college professor and the cabaret dancer, the

Japanese soldier and his Chinese "enemy" to associate together in real charity? This is the problem which the Universal Church, just because she is universal, has to solve.

It is the problem which, on numerous occasions, she has succeeded in solving. She solved it in New Testament times, and in the days of which Dom Cabrol wrote. And to a large extent she solved it in that medieval age of which a non-Catholic historian (Professor H. W. C. Davis) wrote: "What appeals to us in the medieval outlook upon life is, first, the idea of mankind as a brotherhood transcending racial and political divisions, united in a common

lic unity should be manifested—since this gives proof of the Church's strength and secures her consideration from those who are governed by expediency—but it is especially desirable that the character of Catholic unity should be made known. We saw at the beginning of this article that solidarity is one of the key-ideas of the present age; but we saw also that the type of solidarity too often exemplified is of the mechanical order and destroys the freedom due to individuality.

But this misinterpretation of the social ideal cannot be corrected by abstract teaching. Papal encyclicals, however wisely conceived and lucidly expressed, cannot of themselves do the job. The exposition of Catholic social principles in the press and through social study circles must remain barren of results unless the Church herself in her own domestic life, in the relationship which exists between her members exemplifies the principles involved. It is only the living organism of the Mystical Body actually functioning as a supernatural society that can carry conviction. It is useless to preach peace between nations if the Church is not revealed as a real international brotherhood, the members of which are able to rise above political dissension and even to show themselves superior to military conflict.

It is equally useless to condemn the class war if social exclusiveness and snobbishness are found in the Church

herself. The world today is not going to be persuaded by abstract teaching. It must have the concrete fact before its eyes. For that reason it is essential that we develop the family life which is already, in virtue of the fact that we are fellow-members of the Mystical Body, potentially present. Christianity is not, fundamentally, a creed or a code of morals or a system of philosophy, but a Life. This Life lifts the social motive to a supernatural level and endows it with qualities whereby it becomes its own recommendation.

This exemplification of Catholic sociability will be given, first of all, in our worship. As we have noted,

## Prometheus Unbound

By SISTER MIRIAM, R.S.M.

*You are, O Life, the strangest friend I know.  
You hold together in me clay and cloud;  
Marry the weed so high, the star so low,  
Making the weed, till widowed, passing proud.*

*What quarrels thence arise to make the earth  
A stage for tearful tragedies behind  
The rose silk-curtained flesh, while mirth  
Makes merry watching wars that mar mankind.*

*If both but knew how low the price of peace,  
How they would bend to God and nature's law.  
The weed would from her rash rebellions cease,  
The star accept her servitude with awe.*

*Thus soul and body joined in love's embrace  
Conceive anew the glory of the race.*

quest for truth, filled with the spirit of mutual charity and mutual helpfulness, and endowed with a higher will and wisdom than that of the individuals who belong to it . . ." What was possible in the past is possible today. The supernatural character of the Catholic Church as the Mystical Body of Christ makes it possible. Because it is His Grace which unites us with Himself and with one another, no human differences are too great to be overcome.

It is highly desirable that this supernaturally created type of solidarity should be set conspicuously before the world at the present time. It is not merely desirable that Catho-

the church is not, like the post office, a public institution for the convenience of separate individuals. It is a home, the common gathering place and domestic hearth for the members of Christ's family. We come there not only to offer our private prayers but to unite in offering the One Sacrifice. The purpose of Catholic worship is not fulfilled unless we approach the altar in vital association with the whole body of the faithful, uniting with them in a corporate sacrificial Act.

And co-operation in this Act, rightly understood, would be seen to be the most sacred and intimate kind of association that human beings can experience. There are certain experiences in life which create a relationship between those concerned of a peculiarly binding character. Men who have fought side by side or shared in some other way a common danger discover therein a camaraderie which may last for years. As animals fleeing from a prairie fire forget to prey on each other, so will the passengers on a wrecked vessel ignore the social and other distinctions which normally separate them. And, if rescued, the joy of deliverance will fuse them together in a manner so deep and strong that, for the rest of their lives, they will remember with peculiar affection those who shared the experience with them.

Think then what it should mean when, week after week, we participate in the Act whereby we are delivered from the danger of eternal death! How infinitely sacred and profoundly intimate should be the tie of those who, sacramentally, have stood together at the foot of the Cross and been sprinkled with the Blood of Him who thereon died for them! The joy of deliverance which runs through the Mass is capable, if we did but enter into it corporately, of fashioning the holiest and most enduring brotherhood this world has ever seen. If that common experience sank into our hearts, it would endear to us all who shared it with us, whether physically present or not, and an intimacy, even with those regarded as "strangers", would be made possible that would astonish and intoxicate us.

But for the establishment of what may be called the camaraderie of the Mass it is necessary that we labor together in the spirit of Him who

makes us one. Not only the common experience of deliverance but the common task is required if the sense of unity is not to be lost.

"Friendship," say the authors of *The Philosophy of Work*, "cannot endure without a common task. It cannot feed and live upon itself. It could not remain as the mere complaisance of one friend to another. That would be to wear it out, and not to make use of it, to condemn it to exist as a passing and fugitive sympathy, or to become exasperated in a passion which is always in search of thrills. It seems possible that souls are not created directly for one another, but that they need to be gathered together before they can be united; they must recognize one another in a visible activity, before they can know one another in complete intimacy. This means that a spontaneous impulse of the affections is not sufficient to constitute a friendship."

AN ILLUSTRATION is found in the failure of so many childless marriages. The initial romance which brought a man and a woman together, being unable to subsist on itself without co-operation in bringing up a family, becomes exhausted. It is this joint responsibility of father and mother in the rearing of their children which seals and deepens the relationship between them. The common task transforms the romance and emotional excitement of love's early days into the disciplined strength of a real and abiding friendship. Fraternity becomes a mere sentiment unless, in some way or other, it is an active partnership employed in co-operative labors.

Does not this give us the clue to the lukewarmness which exists today between members of the Mystical Body—a lukewarmness so different to the ardent affection which existed in the early Church? In New Testament times and for some while after, the whole Christian community participated in the apostolate. Though the sacrament of Orders was fully recognized, the difference between priest and layman was not so emphasized as it became later. It was the entire Church which held itself responsible for the apostolate.

St. Paul gives long lists of persons whom he describes as his fellow-laborers, and these include both men and women. The fellowship estab-

lished in worship found employment in bearing witness to the Faith, in the face of fierce and dangerous opposition. A solidarity which began at the altar was continued in the daily life of the Christians and consummated when, uniting their voices in triumphant songs of praise, they surrendered their lives in the arena beneath the gaze of thousands in testimony to their Lord.

It is that secret the rediscovery of which is indicated by the organization of Catholic Action. In this movement, extending to the laity the privilege of participating in the apostolate of the Hierarchy, lies the hope of a sacred fellowship more intimate than anything experienced since the first days. To the sacramental fellowship which may thus be created, that which depended on the social occasions referred to bears no comparison. It lies on a different and higher plane and belongs to an entirely distinct category. For it will be a fellowship of Catholics as Catholics, citizens of the Kingdom of Light engaged in war on the surrounding darkness of paganism, materialism, and godlessness. In subjection to a common discipline and sacrificial enthusiasm for a common task we may see built up a community life which will be an inspiration and a model for the world now torn in the fratricidal strife of rival races and classes.

So far this is but an opportunity and not an accomplished fact. To turn the opportunity into achievement is the task of a generation whose special mission it is to interpret the ideal of solidarity in Christian terms. Let me repeat what was said at the commencement of this article: it is not by mere criticism of other interpretations, nor by verbal and abstract declarations of Catholic principles that the victory will be won. That victory depends on whether we as members of the Mystical Body can present the spectacle of a holy society united in Jesus Christ and enjoying both fellowship and freedom. For the redemption which the Church offers is not only individual but also corporate. It makes available a salvation which is both private and public. It has a Gospel for you and me and also for nations as nations and classes as classes. How that Gospel is to be proclaimed has been, I hope, made plain.





Pat O'Brien gives an excellent performance as the principal character in Warner Bros. "Knute Rockne." Gale Page is Mrs. Rockne. Father Nieuwland is portrayed by Albert Basserman.



# Stage and Screen

By JERRY COTTER

WE HAVE long pondered the evident disinclination on the part of the studios to transfer to the screen the immortal contributions of Catholic clergy and laymen to the discovery, settlement, and developing of this country. Queries have met with the response that such material would not have a sufficient general interest to warrant the expenditure necessary for research and screening.

At the present time there is a wave of patriotic hysteria being carefully fostered throughout the country. Radio, press, and screen, never hesitant about climbing on lucrative bandwagons, have had the foresight to recognize that this frenzied nationalism is a potential gold mine. A glance at next season's motion picture titles finds many resembling selected phrases from a seasoned politician's harangue—*The Tanks Are Coming*, *Youth Will Be Served*, *Dawn's Early Light*, *Cause for Alarm*, *March On Marines*, and innumerable short subjects drenched in "patriotism" of the sort that is dull to a vast majority of intelligent but inarticulate movie-goers.

Sincere love of country must be based on a complete knowledge of why our American heritage is so important, and should not be the result of a political campaign or the inspiration of writers and producers who have found the transition from Communism to "14-karat Americanism" extremely easy.

That this pseudo-patriotic trend will very shortly become outright propaganda, many responsible persons in screen circles will admit. Private prejudices, special interests, and political expediency may shortly dictate the policies of the industry if the present march continues.

If we must have a crusade to warm the American heart to the bursting point, we think it might best be advanced by some research into the archives of national history and an accurate portrayal of the dramatic highlights that have been completely ignored up to now. The budding of national religious liberty in Catholic Maryland; the stories of Father Isaac Jogues, S.J. and Kateri Tekakwitha; the part played by the Padres in the building of California; La Salle, Marquette, Governor Dongan, and countless other personalities closely identified with the progress of the nation. We are positive that such stories of heroism and devotion to an ideal would prove of greater value to all audiences than the biographies-with-music of dance hostesses, the escapades of sailors on leave and the "Americanism" now found in thrilling shots of an armada of battleships gracefully dipping into Pacific waves.

A thorough understanding of the factors and the ideals that have gone into the creation of the country and the sacrifices that have made it great is far more important to our future well-being than any number

of unofficial anthems. After ignoring the Deity for decades and using American liberties as mere stepping stones to personal glory and wealth, it does seem rather strange to find certain groups in our midst waving the banners of God and country. If their passions remain at such fever pitch after the current crisis has faded away, they are indeed lucky.

Meanwhile there is a mission for the idealists in Hollywood. A crusade to make young and old alike fully aware of the reasons why we remain the last outpost of liberty and freedom. Let's get to the bottom of our Americanism—and no true picturization of the national story can overlook the vast contribution of our Catholic explorers, pioneers, and scholars.

**KNUTE ROCKNE**—Warner Bros.—The artistry of the make-up man has transformed a genial Irishman into an equally amiable Swedish-American. Pat O'Brien's polished performance, combined with the general sympathetic treatment of script and direction, adds up to one of the most entertaining releases of the year.

Not merely a football yarn with appeal for younger audiences, it is an absorbing revelation of the soul and heart of a man whose life was devoted to his work and his boys. Universally admired for the achievements of his teams, he was loved by all with whom he came in contact. There are moments of high comedy in the unreeling, counterbalancing the serious notes and the thrills of the action shots.

O'Brien, who has been miscast in several recent vehicles, comes perilously close to perfection with a well-rounded characterization. Ronald Reagan, Gale Page, and Donald Crisp are prominently cast.

Notre Dame graduates will find much of interest in the scenes of South Bend and will appreciate the general attitude of the writers and director. A timely tonic, the film deserves support from audiences weary of many of the recent screen affronts.

**STRIKE UP THE BAND**—MGM—The combination of Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland bids fair to overshadow the screen's more mature and far less interesting duos. As high school students with a burning desire



*Tyrone Power and Linda Darnell star in "Brigham Young"*

to emulate the success of famous orchestra leaders and vocalists the young stars romp through a rather threadbare plot that is familiar but not tiresome.

The psychology of developing characters that audiences will laugh with, as well as at, is responsible for much of the popularity of this type of film. Though not in the "special" classification, the effervescing qualities of the young players and the general light-hearted approach of the entire production make it welcome and relieving in the welter of false philosophy and propaganda attempts.

**ARIZONA**—Columbia—The development of the Western spaces has provided an abundance of story material since the days of "The Great Train Robbery." While we cannot honestly say that there has been a considerable amount of originality in the presentation of the Westerns, they have filled a need in planning any balanced program. In the past few years, their popularity has been such that the studios have con-



*Dean Jagger gives a forceful portrayal as Brigham Young in the 20th Century-Fox production*



*The romantic leads in one of the many beautiful photographic shots of the picture*

centrated a great deal of technical skill in turning out these sagas of the days before law and order and the Union Pacific came to the Southwest.

There is a sufficient amount of fast action, breath-taking photography, and historical accuracy to make this acceptable, even to the most callous. Jean Arthur, who brought "Calamity Jane" to the screen, is cast in a similar role with the expected successful result. William Holden seems a trifle immature for the demands of a virile hero of the saddle, but Warren William is perfect as the suave and villainous third party to the proceedings. The story of the settling of Tucson shortly before the Civil War is related with a zest and a zip that is contagious and thoroughly satisfying.

**I LOVE YOU AGAIN—MGM**—Some decidedly refreshing plot twists and the expert performances of Myrna Loy, William Powell, Frank McHugh, and Edmund Lowe transform a somewhat stereotyped amnesia plot into sparkling adult comedy.

A reformed confidence man becomes an unintended hero when through an accident he saves a fellow cruise passenger from drowning. In the process he is hit on the head and loses all recollection of his years as a successful and respected business man. Liberally interspersed in the unreeling are many new angles and spontaneous laughs. Excellent for adult audiences in the mood for "escapist" entertainment.



William Holden and Jean Arthur in Columbia's "Arizona"

**BOOM TOWN—MGM**—An elaborate and spectacular production does not sufficiently counteract the rowdy tone that permeates much of this film. A lusty story of wildcat oil drillers making and losing fortunes with equanimity, it has the advantage of being neither dull nor stereotyped. But in line with recent Hollywood policy, there is a plethora of double-meaning lines and the inevitable "spicy" situations. We cannot help but protest the inclusion of this type of material in almost every new release. It is a boomerang, the power of which the producing staffs seem blissfully unaware.

Spencer Tracy, Clark Gable, and Claudette Colbert contribute their usual fine work, and the screen's unknown quantity, Hedy Lamarr, is present to provide

her own particular brand of unintentional comedy.

**BRIGHAM YOUNG—20th Century-Fox**—The trek of the Mormons from Nauvoo through the unknown regions of the West to the promised land of Utah is presented in ambitious and extravagant manner. Skirting the controversial issues of polygamy and religious principles, it succumbs to the cardinal sin of historical films. The principal character is relegated to the background to allow a dewy-eyed ingenue and sleek juvenile to appropriate much of the footage. The day will probably come when such a practice will be considered folly, but until that time, we should probably be grateful that the young leads are as appealing as Tyrone Power and Linda Darnell. Dean Jagger overshadows them with a forceful portrayal that marks him as a player of exceptional ability. Brian Donlevy, Jane Darwell, and Mary Astor round out the cast.

**THE RAMPARTS WE WATCH**—The peculiar ability of "The March of Time" staff in being completely unobjective in their highly publicized "objective slant on the news" reaches a new mark in this strange hybrid. Neither satisfactory historically, nor passably interesting as entertainment, it fails to live up to the extravagant claims made by a well-planned publicity campaign.

It is the story of America during World War I, and the parallel action of the present time is plainly evident. It is grim and unrelenting and more than a trifle obvious in its aims. Readers of the *Time-Life* publications and those familiar with the "March of Time" technique will not be too surprised at the obvious attempt to arouse public opinion.

In spite of minute attention to detail, technical skill, and the authenticity supplied by several old newsreel clips, the result is far less satisfactory than most documentaries of recent years. As entertainment it cannot be considered suitable for audiences exhausted by the steady stream of "pro" and "con" arguments. At a time when calm reasoning should prevail, the "March of Time" has taken the initiative in bringing to the screen a not-too-subtle contribution to the "cause."

Most interesting is the news filtering from the offices of Hollywood's latest addition to the producer ranks, James Roosevelt. The first release under his banner will be the rabidly anti-Nazi film, *Pastor Hall*, written by Ernest Toller and produced in the English studios. It is the story of the recalcitrant German minister, Rev. Martin Niemoeller.

We have not seen the film yet, but the announcements from Mr. Roosevelt are so unusual that we have been anticipating the first showing with considerable relish. It has been stated that the First Lady will deliver the special introduction now being written by Robert Emmet Sherwood. The purpose of this master stroke of showmanship is to correct any mistaken impression that *Pastor Hall* falls into the category of propaganda films.

Shortly thereafter came the news that the producer feels that most of the recent anti-Nazi films—*Four Sons*, *The Mortal Storm*, *The Man I Married*—have been dismal failures because the studios were hesitant about including "actual facts" in their advertising. *Pastor Hall* will be publicized without any such reticence.



# WOMAN *to* WOMAN

By KATHERINE BURTON

## *Women and Peace*

ALL OVER the world women are praying for peace. Even in our peaceful land I don't believe any of the crowd that was so happy during the last war in driving around in uniforms and handing out cigarettes and coffee to the departing boys could do it another time with such verve and gaiety. They had no actual experience of results then. Later on many boys came home maimed in body or mind, and many did not come home at all—and the Fourteen Points and the Kellogg Pact and other such things were called our dreams of foolish idealism. So we all have a little more sense now. That this is true is shown by the many women's peace organizations which have come into being. The only trouble with these is that there are so many and each has a different way of obtaining peace.

Peace demands unity of aim. It means something more than putting protecting arms around one's children and saying: "I won't let them go." It means facing facts.

## *Drama of a Bull Fight*

EVER since the day I was around twelve and a kind uncle brought me gifts from Mexico, I have had a dislike of bull fights. One of the gifts was a stick about three feet long, with a sharp iron point at one end. Along its length were pasted strips of tissue paper, and they were stained here and there with rusty red. It was, I was assured, a real banderillo, and had been used in an actual bull fight, and those rusty marks were dried blood, whether of matador or bull. Though I liked very much the skin water bottles and the colored sandals he brought me, I never did think much of my uncle's other gift.

I still don't think I would like bull fights. I might enjoy the kind I understand they have in Portugal, where it is considered a game at which everyone has a good time and no one gets killed, not even the bull, except by accident. I realize too that football can be a very tough game and so can hockey. So much for my premises.

The reason for this argument is that the *Catholic Digest* contains in its July number a reprint from the *Catholic Youth* of Toronto, an article called "The Drama of a Bull Fight." From it I quote random sentences: "You have to be very brave to admit you like bull fights"—"Preparing the bull for the kill is a matter of tiring a certain muscle so that the bull keeps his head down and charges in a straight line"—"the banderillos are placed in this muscle to tire it"—"The

bull is always killed"—"If you are a fan don't dash to Mexico immediately. The season doesn't start there until mid-October."

The author goes on to say that most Anglo-Saxons think the bull should have a chance, but that is erroneous thinking. The whole thing represents the long struggle between the brute strength of the animal world and the intelligence of the human, so a bull fight can have but one conclusion: the animal must die. I did not know the world's constant struggle was between animal and human strength. I thought most of it was between man's higher and lower natures. Besides, many brutes have proved very useful to man and I am sure the method of taming them has not been to kill them but to treat them with kindness.

The author says you find here all the elements that you find in a good Shakespearean tragedy. You come away feeling slightly sad, but satisfied. Well, I think there is a big difference: the actors get up after the curtain goes down, but the bull stays dead. It was no drama for him but reality. And if any of us saw the real killing of—say a Desdemona or a Caesar—I am sure we would either run for help or call the police.

We women in America bring our children up a certain way—call it Anglo-Saxon in a sneering way if you like. Anyway, bull fighting is only some ten centuries old and is not an attribute of Christian living any more than the duel is. As I understand Catholic doctrine, animals have no souls and therefore no rights. All the more so then must human beings who have reasoning power be kind to them. That is the basis on which we teach our children kindness to animals.

## *A Lesson From a Legend*

THERE is a legend of a village named Killingworth, whose story has been put into verse by Longfellow. The farmers there decided to kill all the birds because they ate so much grain and fruits, and the net result was that slugs and worms got the fruit instead when the birds were dead. Only one person—the school teacher—tried to argue against the carnage. He said to the farmers:

"How can I teach your children gentleness,  
And mercy for the weak, and reverence  
For life, which in its weakness or excess  
Is still a dream of God's omnipotence,  
When by your laws, your actions and your speech,  
You contradict the very things you teach?"

Today when there is so much cruelty of man to more helpless man, it seems a bad time to try to prove to children the moral worth of bull fighting.

STANLEY MORTON stood with his back against the wall of Pattison & Son, diamond merchants. His hands were thrust into the pockets of his coat, his teeth were chattering, and an expression of sullen determination marred the otherwise excellent regularity of his features. He had planned to enter the store just before they closed, and it lacked fifteen minutes before the big revolving door would stop turning.

Stanley could remember the morning, nearly a year ago, when Robert Gillespie, head of the firm of Gillespie, Duncan & Co., stockbrokers, had called him into the office. Minute by minute he went through that interview again. Gillespie had been pale and agitated.

"Sit down, Morton," he had said curtly. "And as Stanley, wondering what it was all about, sat down, Gillespie continued in the same strained voice, "The firm has lost considerably in the last crash. In fact, it's doubtful if we can continue in business. There's just a chance—a bare chance—that we might reorganize. In the meantime Mr. Duncan and I have decided to cut down the staff. I'm afraid, Morton, that you must be one of the sufferers."

Stanley hadn't understood. It seemed incredible.

"But, sir—"

"I'm sorry, Morton. Both Mr. Duncan and I think a lot of you. But you are unmarried, and we have to look after the married men first. If we do reorganize I can promise you the first offer of a job."

"But Mr. Gillespie—" he had protested.

What was the use? He had realized then. He was out of a job—out of work; and every man knew what that meant in depression times. Nevertheless, fortified by good references, he set out in high hopes on the morrow. It was the first trip of many he was to make from office to office, always to meet with the same excuses and refusals. As time wore on, a hatred grew in his soul; and this was replaced by another and even stronger emotion, an intense hostility for all those people who possessed what he lacked, who continued to live smugly, indifferently, while he starved. It was not long before this hatred was transformed into a temptation for action, for a

# THE Real THING

C. J. Eustace

Illustrated by JOHN MURPHY

mode of achievement at any price. Stanley decided that he would commit a crime. If he went to jail, he would at least get food and shelter.

It was with this idea in mind that he stood outside the premises of Pattison & Son. Just before closing time he passed nonchalantly through the revolving door. Nobody took any notice of him as he walked slowly up the center aisle, keeping his eyes open for any possible place of concealment. His original plan—to be caught shoplifting and to be discovered and arrested—he soon discarded. Now that he was on the spot the act of theft became repugnant.

He saw an open door behind one of the side counters. No light came from within. He pretended to be examining the Sheffield reproductions, and when nobody was looking he dropped to his knees and crawled quickly beneath the counter and through the door into the room beyond.

Presently the sounds in the store grew remote, and after a while dead silence prevailed.

For a long while he stood in the small stockroom, trying to gather up courage to move. Then, with a sud-

den effort, he came out. He made his way cautiously toward the marble stairway. He reached the floor above him, and became instantly aware that he had surprised someone there before him.

A figure faced him with a gasp. He saw, with a shock, that the other intruder was a woman.

The girl seemed frozen with speechless terror. Then he saw what at first he hadn't noticed—a diamond necklace lying at her feet, evidently where she had dropped it when he had surprised her at her work.

"Who are you?" he hissed, with an absurd sense that he was in the right and she in the wrong.

"Oh," she gasped then, and just stood there, saying nothing. Her eyes were wide, almost black, with terror.

"You came here to steal?" he asked in a more kindly manner.

"Yes." She swallowed hard, her eyes never leaving his face. "Please don't call the police. I can explain."

Suddenly the humor of the situation struck him. He laughed.

"I'm afraid that I'm not in any position to call the police. You see, I came to steal too."

"Oh," she gasped again. "You're a burglar?"

"A pre-determined theft which hasn't come off," Stanley nodded gravely.

Her attitude of defense relaxed. "Because you discovered me here first?"

"Yes. I planned to come here and be arrested for stealing. One can at least get food, shelter, and a bed in jail."

"Oh, I see." She seemed to be relieved greatly. "You're one of the unemployed. You wanted to get caught. I've heard of men doing that—"

He nodded.

"Well—what are we going to do?"

There was a note of friendliness in his voice which reassured her still further.

"I've never done anything dishonest before," she said, and it seemed as though she was picking her words very carefully. "My father owes a lot of money, and unless he can get hold of a large sum right away—he goes to jail. So I—I—"

"When did you get this idea?" Stanley demanded.

After all, the girl was only a kid. Not much over eighteen, he imag-

ined. He suddenly felt interested. "Well, I know I was a fool." She seemed to be greatly embarrassed. "I don't know what tempted me even to think of it. I couldn't help it—"

"Go on," he prompted kindly, "I know how you feel."

"It was while I was in here—just looking around. I intended just to look around. And then I found myself up here when they closed, and I suppose the thought of Dad and everything was too much. So I hid and waited until everyone had gone, and then just as I came out—your appeared."

He nodded grimly. She was fidgeting with her handkerchief, and as he watched her he wondered what would be the best thing to do. It was impossible to leave the store without being seen, and he couldn't go through with his original plan now, even if he felt like it, for that would entail the girl's discovery.

"I'm afraid there's only one thing

we can do," he observed, "Find out if there is a back way out of the store, which I doubt. If not—we'll have to stay here until morning."

Her eyes dilated as they met his.

"But we can't," she said in a funny little voice, all up in the air, "How can we?"

Suddenly the sound of cheerful whistling below warned them that someone else was in the building.

"Wait here," Stanley whispered, "I think it must be the night watchman."

From sounds below it became evident that this was the case. The man made his inspection of the floor below, and worked upward. There was a large cupboard in the department manager's office, and Stanley and the girl squeezed themselves into this. Pulling the door tightly toward him, Stanley could feel the girl trembling. Presently the cheerful whistling of the man seemed to enter the room. There he stopped, for an interminable time it seemed to them.

Then, still whistling loudly, he moved off again.

When all was safe, Stanley opened the door and they both drew long breaths of fresh air. There was a leather settee in the office, and Stanley indicated this with a grin.

"It looks to me as though we are here for the night," he observed, "So how about taking a little snooze? I'll stand guard outside."

There were dark rings around the girl's eyes, accentuated by the flickering light from the sign outside. She was a pretty girl, Stanley noted, dressed quietly but in good taste.

"I couldn't sleep," she said, "But I'll watch while you do."

He saw that she was very nervous, and quite suddenly he felt he wanted to see her through this scrape.

"Look here," he said firmly, "You need sleep. I can see you do. You needn't be frightened. I'll shut this door, and you can lie down and have a nice nap. If anyone comes, or if the night watchman should happen



The girl seemed frozen with speechless terror. He saw the diamond necklace lying at her feet



to come round again, I'll wake you."  
 "No," she said, "I'd rather not sleep."

"But you must," he smiled, "Please—for my sake."

For a moment their eyes met, and suddenly she gave away.

"All right," she whispered, "I'll sleep."

He strode to the door joyfully.

"Good. I'll be outside. You can rely on me." He pulled the door shut, and then poked his head round the corner. "Good night," he grinned, "Pleasant dreams."

She smiled at him, and something seemed to wake up in his heart, so that, in spite of the unpleasant situation they were in, he felt sure everything would turn out all right.

Stanley had no idea any night could be so long. When morning finally came he opened the door of the office and stood for a moment looking down on the sleeping girl's face. It was a young, well-bred face, flushed with the healthy sleep of youth, singularly pure and winsome. This girl was no crook. In some strange way, he thought he had met her somewhere before.

"Wake up," he called gently, "the morning janitor's arrived. Now's our chance to slip out of the back. The fire-exit door is open."

They were both keyed up, on the alert. The main floor below seemed agog with energy. Peeping down they saw half a dozen scrubwomen flashing brawny elbows to and fro over the elegant tiled floor. She went before him, and he hesitated for a second. Under one of the display cases a flash of light caught his eye. He saw that it was the diamond necklace which the girl had dropped when he had surprised her. In the excitement of meeting both had forgotten to pick it up. In a fraction of a second Stanley stooped, picked it up, and slipped it into his pocket.

Two minutes later they found themselves standing breathlessly outside the building.

"Well," Stanley gasped, turning to meet the blue eyes of his companion for the first time in daylight, "Here we are."

"By the skin of our teeth," she laughed.

"I've got an idea," he said.

She nodded.

"Same here. Breakfast?"

Perhaps it should have seemed odd to be sampling toast and fragrant coffee in the company of a

"Here," he said, producing it from his pocket, "I took this—for your father. No one will ever know."

To his astonishment she gave a little cry, and stepped back in terrified amazement.

"No, no," she cried, "I'd no idea you'd picked it up. I'd forgotten about it. You must take it back. I'd hoped that you'd get clear of it all—cleanly. Please, Stanley, take it back to the store."

He returned the necklace to his pocket quietly.

"Isn't your father still in need of money?"

"That isn't the point," she faced him desperately, and he saw that she had made up her mind, "I don't want you to be doing this kind of thing for me."

"But it's for your—"

"Listen," she broke in angrily, "You're coming with me to Dad's office. And you're going to talk to him, and he's go-

ing to give you a job. After that—you're going to give that back to its owner."

"I don't see how your father can give me a job if he's in danger of losing his own," he protested.

"You come with me," she said, tucking her arm into his.

They took a bus, and he found himself being whirled down the old familiar route which he had taken each morning on his way to work for Gillespie, Duncan & Co. over a year ago. In fact, to his surprise, they got off at the very stop where he had dismounted daily to go to work.

"Now we'll go and see Dad," said Judith.

To Stanley's amazement they entered the very building where Gillespie, Duncan & Co. had offices, and were whisked to the sixth floor. Finally, when they stood outside the very door itself, he stopped short on the threshold, holding Judith back.

"Say," he gasped, "I can't go in here."

"Oh, yes you can," she said, and opened the door.

They were ushered into the inner office he knew so well, and the next



"What about this?" he inquired, holding out the necklace

girl whose name he did not even know. But to Stanley it appeared the most natural thing he had ever done.

"I'm afraid," he said, "I don't know your name."

The girl raised her eyes.

"You may call me Judith."

"Thanks—Judith."

He was so intent, smiling at her, enjoying this bright little moment of earthly paradise, that he forgot that he had not played fair with her.

"And yours?" she reminded him.

"You may call me Stanley," he grinned.

The meal came to an end almost too soon. It was only then that he remembered that he had no money. He put his hand into his pocket ruefully.

"You don't need to worry, Stanley," the girl said shyly, "As you helped me so ably last night, I think you should be—my guest."

"I'm afraid I'll have to be," he apologized.

They found themselves standing outside on the street, and he realized that the time for parting had come. It was then that he remembered the necklace.

moment he was facing Robert Gillespie.

"Here's your man, father," Judith said.

Robert Gillespie put down his cigar.

"And where have you been all night?" was his greeting to Judith.

"We've been trying to retrieve your lost fortunes, dear," she smiled sweetly. "And here we are—with a twenty thousand dollar necklace. Give him the bauble, Stanley."

"What?" Mr. Gillespie rose to his feet. "What do you mean? Necklace? Explain yourself, Morton! Don't stand there like a dumb egg."

Stanley couldn't help smiling. This was so much like the good old days.

"You know as much about it as I do, sir," he observed. "All I know is that I found your daughter inside Pattison's jewelry store last night after closing time. And as we couldn't get out without arousing suspicion, we spent the night there."

"You—what?" spluttered Mr. Gillespie, "Without arousing suspicion of what?"

"I didn't know that she was your daughter," Stanley tried to explain. "I—I thought she was a thief, like I intended to be."

"A thief?" The older man looked completely flabbergasted. "I—I—"

They both looked at Judith.

"I guess I'll have to explain," she said calmly. "And this will explain to you too, Stanley." She faced both men, smiling. "Ever since Dad fired you last year, Stanley, he has been trying to reach you. Shortly after you left, the business received fresh capital, and things have been going very well ever since. Dad wanted you back very much. No one suited him so well. Isn't that so, Dad?"

"Well," Mr. Gillespie puffed in a big way at his cigar, "I guess so."

"Well," continued Judith, "I knew Stanley by sight, although he didn't know me. I had seen you often coming out of the building when I was waiting to drive Dad home," she explained to Stanley.

"So that's where I've seen you before," he murmured, light beginning to break at last.

"When I saw you go into Pattison's, I followed you in. I thought I'd try to trace you so that father could get in touch with you. When you crawled under the counter, I didn't know what to do. I wasn't

## On Reading the Saints of Carmel

By JESSICA POWERS

*Here is that web again  
Glistening across the night,  
And I, who long have been  
So covetous of light,  
Tangle my thoughts anew  
Where from a holy skein  
Flow threads of fire and dew  
Spun by the spider pain.*

*And here the whirlpool lies  
And I have come too near.  
In spite of all my cries  
Which none on earth can hear,  
Waters of suffering sweep  
From which I cannot move  
And I am sucked to the deep  
Rich core of Love.*

going to risk speaking to you, because you wouldn't have recognized me. So I stuck around upstairs until I discovered that I was practically alone in the building."

"Then I walked in on you," Stanley grinned.

"Yes." She smiled at him. "When I saw you I was pretty scared. So I pretended to be a thief disturbed in the act, because I thought that—well—"

"Thanks, Judith," he said quietly.

Robert Gillespie took the cigar out of his mouth.

"What about this?" he inquired, holding out the necklace. It seemed to twinkle and scintillate with a malignant intensity.

"Well, sir," Stanley replied, "seeing that you're not in any apparent poverty, I'll have to return it to Pattison's, and confess to them that in a moment of weakness I was in there to steal."

The two men eyed each other for a moment, and then Gillespie laughed.

"I guess that's good enough for me, Morton," he said surprisingly, "I wouldn't return it to Pattison's. You see, the necklace is only paste anyway. And it belongs to Judith." Judith nodded a little shamefacedly.

"I'm afraid it is mine," she con-

fessed. "You see—I had to make myself look like a thief to you. So I dropped it on the floor."

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They went into Pattison's the following month to buy an engagement ring. Judith was old-fashioned, and wanted gold instead of platinum.

"And gold is always as good as its worth," she said.

"I'm afraid I don't know the difference between diamond and paste," said Stanley slyly, with a wink. "So you'll have to choose the diamond, too."

The store clerk became confidential.

"It's funny you should say that, sir," he remarked, "Only last month the manager of the diamond department left his upstairs desk unlocked. There were nearly ninety thousand dollars worth of diamonds in that desk. In the morning we found evidences of a thief, but he had forgotten to look in the desk."

"When it comes down to the real thing," Stanley said then, looking at Judith's flushed face and glorious eyes, "I think I'd know it from the counterfeit every time."

"Me, too," said Judith, laughing. As their eyes met, both of them knew that they were not thinking of diamonds.



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## Working, Shopping, and Playing on Sunday: Furthering Smut

(1) Should Catholics encourage and support servile works on Sunday by listening to the radio; shopping of any kind; attending sporting events that charge admission; patronizing restaurants; attending movies, etc.?

(2) Should Catholics patronize establishments that further the spread of smut in advertising, or the sale of magazines that carry such ads?—DORCHESTER, MASS.

(1) Canon 1248 of the Code of Canon Law prescribes that the faithful must assist at Mass on days of precept and abstain from servile works, forensic acts (e.g. court trials), and likewise from public sales, fairs, and other public buying and selling, unless legitimate custom or special indulgences make exception.

Both the positive and negative sections of this Canon admit of reasonable exceptions. Thus, the precept to assist at Mass does not oblige when one is seriously ill or has to attend one seriously ill. Servile works are those which require considerable bodily exertion and are generally performed by what we call laboring people. For a just reason, however, it is allowed to perform these works on days of precept. Thus, it is permitted to make beds and cook the Sunday dinner, to feed cattle, deliver the milk, run trains, boats, etc. Entertainers are not classified among servile workers, even though they may work hard to be entertaining, (as some of them do). Their profession is considered liberal or artistic, which in many instances is quite complimentary, but the individual gets the benefit of class distinctions.

The necessary purchase of food and the like may be made on Sundays, and when Holydays fall on week days it is permitted to shop. Such appears to be the custom in this country. Playing and watching others play is not forbidden; nor eating in restaurants and attending the movies. (Catholics should recall their pledge to avoid indecent pictures). While Sundays and Holydays are to be devoted to the worship of God and the sanc-

tification of the soul—a rational creature's main purpose in life—decent and moderate recreation is not forbidden. Man needs play as well as prayers, in order to keep sane and healthy in this distracted world. Sunday was made for man and not vice versa. Unless ecclesiastical authority rules otherwise in certain cases, one may follow the example of good Catholics in this matter.

(2) Of course no decent person should further the spread of smut in any way, for smut is an intrinsic evil. Not only should indecent literature be avoided, but advertisers in such should be denied business. But when a magazine is not *dedicated* to indecency and publishes something indecent only occasionally and incidentally, it would hardly be required to give it up altogether. Strong protests, however, should be made to the publisher. When he shows no regret for offending morals and good taste, dropping the publication can always be resorted to (the one argument which all business people understand). In these matters, also, a great deal depends on the character of the reader.

## Secret Baptism of Infants

*Would I do the right thing in baptizing secretly two infants, one three years old and the other only a few months, whose parents have no intention of having them baptized? A Catholic friend said it would be wrong to do so without the parents' knowledge, but another said that I ought to do it when an opportunity occurs.*—ARGENTINA.

You do not reveal the religious status of the parents. This is very important. Canon 750 of the Code of Canon Law says that the children of infidels (those without faith) are lawfully baptized, even against the will of their parents, when they are in danger of death and it is foreseen that they will die before reaching the age of reason. But outside the danger of death such infants may be lawfully baptized only when their parents or guardians, or at least one of them, consents; and if there are no parents, that is father, mother, grandfather,



grandmother or guardians, or they have lost their rights to keep the child, or are unable to exercise their rights. In the case of such children, it is necessary that their Catholic education be assured.

Canon 751 says the same rules apply to the children of two heretics or schismatics, or of two Catholics who have apostatized or have fallen into heresy or schism. If the parents are Catholics but not apostates, yet because of their indifference or even hatred toward the Church refuse to allow their children to be baptized their children may be baptized secretly, provided the Catholic education of the children can be confidently hoped for after they have reached the age of reason. (Prummer, *Man. Theol. Mor.* III, 127). This is a matter for great caution and competent advice should be asked of the local pastor who can find out the true state of affairs.

### Wise Men in Persian Tradition: St. Augustine on Purgatory

(1) Is there any mention in Persian tradition of the three Wise Men mentioned in the Gospel, who are said to have come from there? (2) What did Saint Augustine say about Purgatory?

(1) The names, number, and place of origin are only a few of the obscurities about the Magi or Wise Men who came "from the east" to find the King of the Jews. Persia is one of the countries mentioned as their place of origin, but we have not been able to find any mention of them in Persian tradition in our sources, which, of course, does not mean that a tradition does not exist.

(2) It is said that Saint Augustine fully developed the doctrine of Purgatory in the western Church. He taught the existence of Purgatory and the efficacy of our prayers for the departed. "Some will suffer temporal punishment in this life only, others after death, and others both now and hereafter, but before that most severe and last judgment. But not all of those who bear temporal punishment after death are condemned to the everlasting pains which follow that judgment." (*Manual of the History of Dogmas*, Otten, Vol. I, pp. 454-455).

### Difference Between Mystery and Miracle

Please explain the difference between a mystery and a miracle. Would the creation of the world be classed under the former?—SODUS, MICH.

In a wide sense a mystery is a truth which transcends the intellect. In the strict theological sense it is defined as a truth which a man by himself can neither discover nor every fully understand after discovering it. A miracle is something produced by God outside the usual order of all created nature. The first refers to the understanding of the intellect; the second to what is perceived by the senses in some way. The two are intimately connected. Christ's multiplication of the loaves and fishes was a miracle—a fact outside the whole course of created nature, and since the intellect cannot understand how He did it, it is mysterious. The creation of all things from nothing by God is classed among the mysteries of the natural order.

### Christ Given Vinegar on Cross

In a radio broadcast on the Crucifixion of our Lord the speaker said that when Christ cried "I thirst!" a soldier dipped a sponge in his own wine and pressed it to Christ's lips. I have been taught, and subsequent reading reaffirms, that Christ was proffered vinegar and not wine. Please explain.—CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Saint Matthew, Saint Mark, and Saint John, when writing about this incident in the Crucifixion, say that Christ was offered vinegar, *acetum* in the Vulgate. This was in fulfillment of the prophecy, "and in my thirst they gave me vinegar to drink" (Ps. 68:22). The vinegar was most likely sour wine. Preachers, like poets, sometimes exaggerate to illustrate a point.

### Twilight Sleep in Childbirth

Please inform me about the use of "twilight sleep" in childbirth. Are there any harmful effects on the brain? Does the Church definitely forbid its use?—NEW YORK, N. Y.

Twilight sleep is a light anesthesia produced by the administration of morphine and scopolamine. It deadens the sense of pain and diminishes the power of recollection without completely taking away consciousness. Physicians do not appear to be in agreement as to the advisability of using it in childbirth. The moral theologians, also, are divided in regard to it. But there is nevertheless at least a probable opinion that this anesthesia may be used, especially in difficult childbirth, provided it is administered by a competent physician with the aid of a competent nurse in constant attendance. It is dangerous in incompetent hands. To our knowledge there is no authoritative decision of the Church forbidding its use.

### Contraceptive Sophism

Please answer this argument in favor of contraceptives. The function of an apple tree is to grow and produce apples, but it is not wrong to frustrate this function by destroying or pruning the tree. Saint Thomas Aquinas holds that the soul does not enter the fetus until three months after a vegetable growth has been started. In short, conception is purely vegetative at the beginning. Why is it wrong to frustrate this vegetative growth, although permissible to frustrate the apple tree?—BROOKLYN, N. Y.

This is a sophism masquerading as an argument. It should not require much cogitation to see that an apple tree and a human being are of very different orders. In fact, there is a great chasm between them. Man is subject to the moral order—an order which entails rights and duties. He must always act in accord with his nature. It may be all right to prune, graft, or even destroy an apple tree (provided the tree is your property), but it is against right reason and the natural law to frustrate and pervert a natural human function, which is the thing contraceptionists do. Then they try to justify this act against nature by comparing it with the pruning of trees!

It is true that Saint Thomas and many of the old Scholastics, following Aristotle, held that the human

soul was not infused into the fetus until 40 days after conception in the case of a male, and 80 days after the conception of a female. Today, however, the Catholic view is that the human fetus is informed and vivified by a rational soul in the conception or shortly afterward, that is when the cells unite vitally. The penalty against abortion takes no notice of the distinction between an animate and inanimate fetus.

### ***Dissolution of Sacramental Marriage: Wounds in Feet and Side of Christ: Rules for Pronouns Referring to Divinity***

(1) *A Catholic friend insists that the Church claims the right to dissolve a sacramental marriage, prior to any exercise of the marital rights pertaining thereto. Is this true?* (2) *On the assumption that there can be no exact representation of the crucifixion, why does not the Church at least adopt a universal form for the sake of consistency? Some crucifixes have one nail in the feet (which are overlapped) and others have a nail in each foot; and the wound of the side is sometimes on the right and sometimes on the left.* (3) *What is the correct rule for capitalizing pronouns that refer to the Deity? Also, what general classes of nouns referring to sacred subjects are capitalized?*—ATLANTA, GA.

(1) The Church teaches that a marriage between two baptized persons, or between a baptized and an unbaptized person, *which has not been consummated*, is dissolved by the very fact of solemn religious profession, and also by a dispensation of the Holy See, which is granted for a just cause at the request of the two parties, or even of one of them against the wish of the other (Canon 1119). But a marriage between two baptized persons (called a *ratified marriage*) that has been *consummated*, cannot be dissolved by any human power and for no cause except death (Canon 1118).

(2) It is a doubtful historical question whether our Lord's feet were nailed with two nails (one for each foot) or whether only one nail was used (the feet overlapped). The Church has not deemed it wise to insist on following one theory in the matter. There is more reason for the opinion that the wound of the lance was on the right side, but even here the Church, so far as we know, has not issued any decree which must be followed.

(3) All words denoting God and the Persons of the Holy Trinity are capitalized. There is a difference of practice regarding pronouns referring to them. The style of THE SIGN is to capitalize such pronouns. In general the Bible and the books of the Bible, and other sacred writings; also the names of confessions of faith and religious bodies and their adherents are capitalized.

### ***Baby With Veil***

*Please advise about a baby born with a veil. Has this any significance, religious or otherwise?*—W. SOMERVILLE, MASS.

The explanation of this phenomenon is a physiological one. Many popular beliefs have been associated with it from early ages but they are superstitious. Saint John Chrysostom (fifth century) inveighed against them in his homilies.

### ***Lying and Mental Reservation: Artificial Teeth: Men and Devotions***

(1) *Is a lie ever permissible, even when it does not harm anyone? For instance, for the sake of peace in the home, to save a job, or if a person calls and is told that the party asked for is not at home, because the person called for does not wish to see that person?* (2) *If one has artificial teeth and the Sacred Host clings to the palate after receiving Holy Communion, is it lawful to remove it with the tongue, or should the teeth be removed before receiving?* (3) *Outside the hearing of Mass on Sunday, men are slackers in all other devotions. Should it not be impressed on them that Christ died for them, as well as for women?*—NEW YORK.

(1) It is never lawful in any circumstances to lie, that is deliberately to speak an untruth to deceive another. A lie is an abuse of the faculty of speech (usually, but it may also be done by signs), and therefore a sin. But it is never lawful to commit sin, even though the sin is said to be harmless. There are no harmless sins. Every sin is an offense to God and harmful to the soul. However, there are circumstances of human intercourse when it is permissible to use broad mental reservation, when the telling of the truth would work unjustified hardship. Thus, when someone calls and is told the person asked for is not "at home," the meaning of the phrase is that she is not at home for the caller, even though she may be in the house. This is a means of getting rid of an unwelcome visitor which good people resort to and which those with intelligence know the true meaning of. It is one of society's defenses against unwarranted intrusion. This would not be lawful, however, if the caller had a right to know the truth. Incidentally, this manner of speaking and acting is not held up as an ideal, but to be used only discreetly and in what might be called emergencies.

(2) There is nothing wrong with using the tongue to remove the Sacred Host when it sticks to the palate. This can happen to persons who have their natural teeth. The communicant should try to swallow the Host as soon as possible.

(3) It is necessary to emphasize the distinction between what is of *precept* and what is of *devotion*. Strictly speaking, men (and women, too) fulfill their obligation in the matter of attending Mass, if they attend on days when the Church obliges them—on Sundays and Holydays. There is no obligation to attend Mass on other days or to participate in other devotions, except perhaps for accidental reasons. It would be wrong, therefore, to make it appear that anybody is obliged in conscience to perform devotions of supererogation. That there might be an improvement in the attendance of men at these devotions, there is no doubt. Vespers and benediction of the Blessed Sacrament are woefully lacking in numbers. Many causes are assigned, but want of a living faith in the supreme value of Catholic doctrine may explain it.

(Note: The picture is not in the condemned class, but only "objectionable in part," even for adults. This does not mean that it would necessarily be a sin to see it. One must decide the matter in the light of one's own conscience. The Classified List is for the direction of the faithful. Many adults have seen the picture without suffering any harm, so far as we can learn.)

### Godparent at Non-Catholic Baptism: Women as Priests: Riding Clothes at Mass

(1) May a Catholic act as godparent at a non-Catholic christening? (2) Why can't women be priests? (3) Would it be improper for a young woman to wear slacks or riding clothes to an early Mass?—POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

(1) It is explicitly forbidden by a decree of the Holy Office, May 10, 1770, for a Catholic to act as godparent, either personally or by proxy, at the baptism of a heretic by an heretical minister.

(2) Because it is contrary to the divine law, which requires the male sex as one of the conditions for the priesthood.

(3) If they were the only clothes she had and she would have to miss Mass otherwise, they could be tolerated. Would she wish to wear such clothes, if invited to call on the President of the United States? At Mass we present ourselves before the throne of God.

### Defense of Honor

In "*The Power and the Secret of the Jesuits*" I read on page 477 the following passage: "It will be, if not commendable, at least understandable, that in past centuries many Jesuit casuists should have allowed an aristocrat the right to kill an offender of a lower social class." The word "offender" refers to one who has violated the "honor" of the aristocrat. Did the Jesuits teach this or any similar doctrine?—NEW YORK, N. Y.

We have consulted the book but since the author gives no reference for his statement, it cannot easily be verified. But there must have been some moralist who held such an opinion, for Pope Innocent in 1678 condemned the following proposition: "It is lawful for a man of honor (*viro honorato*) to kill an aggressor who tries to calumniate him, if otherwise this ignominy cannot be avoided." The Pope's decree put an end to such an opinion. Most theologians have been and still are Europeans, and therefore naturally conscious of the class distinctions there. And they were quite tender in some instances to the noble lords, who were and still are very sensitive people. Though one's honor and reputation are very real goods, it would be a violation of justice and natural equity to kill one who endeavors to take them away. Other less violent means of defense, however, are permissible. With regard to repelling aggression on one's life, lords have the same right as all other people.

### Desertion of Consort

A woman without just cause and without the consent of the Catholic Church willfully deserts her husband. Is she committing a mortal sin by continuing to receive the Sacraments of Confession and Holy Communion?—N. N.

We confine our answer to the principles involved, without giving any opinion as to how they apply in this particular case. It is for the Ordinary or his representative to decide.

Canon 1128 of the Code of Canon Law says that husband and wife are obliged to live together, unless a just cause excuses from this obligation. A traveling salesman must be away from home and a sick wife may have to take medical treatment far away and for a

long time. These are just causes for separation. But simply deserting the other partner may not be done.

The only cause for permanent separation, the bond remaining, is the commission of adultery by one partner. This gives the right to the innocent party to separate forever from the guilty party because the latter has seriously and shamefully violated marital fidelity. The right of separation is lost, however, if the offended party shall have consented to the adultery, or given cause for it, or condoned it, or herself been guilty of the same crime. (Canon 1129, No. 1).

The Church also allows separation for other causes: if either party joins a non-Catholic sect, or gives the children a non-Catholic education, or leads a criminal and disgraceful life, or is a grave danger to the other in body or soul, or is so cruel that common life is rendered too hard. These and similar causes will give the innocent party the right to withdraw by appealing to the Ordinary of the place, or by his own authority, if the reason is certain and there is danger in delay. (Canon 1131, No. 1).

In all these cases given immediately above, when the cause of separation ceases, married life should be resumed; but if the separation has been granted by the Ordinary for a definite or indefinite period, the innocent partner is not obliged, unless by order of the Ordinary, or the time has expired. (Canon 1131, No. 2).

### Redemptorists and Feast of Our Lady of Perpetual Help: Predestination

(1) Why do the Redemptorists celebrate the feast of Our Lady of Perpetual Help on the 23rd of June, while other religious communities print calendars which designate the 27th of June? (2) What is the point at issue between the Dominicans and the Jesuits over predestination?—ROXBURY, MASS.

(1) It is not correct to say that the Redemptorists observe the feast of Our Lady of Perpetual Help on June 23rd. By virtue of a Rescript of the S. Congregation of Rites, May 18, 1876, permission was given to them to celebrate the feast on the Sunday before the feast of Saint John the Baptist, June 24th, because on that Sunday in 1867 the original miraculous picture was solemnly crowned in Saint Alphonsus' Church in Rome. In 1867, the Sunday before June 24th was June 23rd, which may have given rise to the belief that the Redemptorists always celebrated the feast of Our Lady of Perpetual Help on that day. Since the Sunday before the 24th of June will vary, it follows that the Redemptorists will not always celebrate the feast on June 23rd. The S. Congregation of Rites fixed June 27th for other religious communities to whom the privilege of celebrating the feast was granted. This may be due to liturgical rules governing the celebration of octaves, in this case the octave of Saint John the Baptist.

(2) A question easy to ask, but not so easy to answer. In brief, the controversy between the Dominicans and the Jesuits concerns the manner by which God predestines to glory, whether before the prevision of a person's merits or after. This matter also includes the problem of reconciling efficacious grace and free will. It is a technical question replete with difficulties. Father Garrigou-Lagrange, O. P., provides an excellent study of the question in his *Predestination* (\$3.00, net).





Letters should as a rule be limited to about 300 words. The Editor reserves the right of cutting. Opinions expressed herein are the writer's and not necessarily those of the Editor. Intelligent comment concerning matters having relation to Catholic life and thought are welcomed. Communications should bear the name and address of writers.

### EVEN EDITORS NOD!

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

No end of entertainment was provided for the clerics of this abbey when one of the more observant wits perceived a very radical incongruity in the August issue of THE SIGN. To make a long story short, the illustration on the fourteenth page of the aforementioned issue purports to present graphically an incident in the story "Gimcrack," by W. M. Rouse, wherein the author says at the top of the third column on page 16 that Martha cut her thumb to the bone. A glance at the illustration reveals Martha bandaging her index finger. Artist Kinnear should receive an increase in pay for putting one over on the editor.

Not by way of a palliative, but in all sincerity THE SIGN is one of the most welcome magazines in our library. Our best wishes are coupled with our prayers for your continued success with the magazine and with your mission work.

(REV.) CHRISTOPHER FULLMAN, O.S.B.

ST. VINCENT ARCHABBEY  
LATROBE, PA.

### STRAIGHTFORWARD AND DIVERSIFIED

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Too little praise has been awarded to THE SIGN magazine for its straightforwardness in publishing its views on present-day warfare in Europe and the reaction to this condition here in our own country. Our newspapers and weekly magazines give us a picture exactly to their own liking and policies while THE SIGN in its last two issues has given us the situation as it appears in Washington, America as a whole, Spain and Italy, in the most unbiased manner.

Another feature of THE SIGN that comes in for high praise is the manner of selecting proper movies and plays. You are to be congratulated on not being afraid to condemn a play or movie just because the rest of the critics approve of its entertaining qualities because its cast includes certain favorites that must be given top rating.

All in all, THE SIGN offers the most diversified reading for our Catholic people to enjoy. And our non-Catholic readers would find the answers to many questions that perplex them in your splendid Question Box. More praise to THE SIGN.

HOLLIS, N. Y.

WILLIAM E. BLAUVELT.

### DEATH OF POPE AND CARDINALS

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

For the first—and I hope the last—time I find myself in disagreement with the Editor of "The Sign-Post." In case of the remote possibility of the death of the Pope and all the Cardinals, I do not believe that "the election of a new Pope would devolve on the college of bishops throughout the world." It certainly would not devolve on the bishops by any known right or law.

The Cardinals have that right. But how and why? In answer I would note two things: *First*—in a certain, but I think true, sense the Cardinals do not elect the Pope, i.e., the Supreme Pastor and Pontiff. They elect the Bishop of Rome, that is, the Bishop of the Roman See, who by being the Bishop of Rome becomes *ipso facto* the head of the Universal Church. *Second*—the Cardinals have not that right by virtue of being archbishops of certain sees throughout the world, but because they are *titulares* of certain basilicas in the city of Rome. For instance, the archbishops of Baltimore, New York, and Chicago have not that right today, although their predecessors had. The origin and meaning of *titulares* will be found explained in the *Catholic Encyclopedia* under *Titulus*. I believe, therefore, that in such a calamitous case as the death of the Pope and all the Cardinals the right of electing the Bishop of the Roman diocese would revert to the clergy of Rome with whom it was from the beginning, and that the electors would be the Archpriests of those basilicas. That would also be the most simple and practical solution of the difficulty; because in such case, what authority would confer the right of electing on all the bishops? And how assemble them in conclave? And what authority would deprive the clergy of Rome of the right to elect their own Bishop, which they had from the beginning and of which they never were deprived, for the Cardinals exercise that right as members of the Roman clergy? The Cardinal Archbishops of the suburban sees are all suffragans of the Roman province.

ELMIRA, NEW YORK (REV.) OWEN B. MCGUIRE.

### NO IRISH SAINT MORTIMER

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

In the August issue is a letter of Rev. G. Ryan, which tends to reject your statement in the April issue to the effect that Mortimer is not a saint's name. Your correspondent writes that Mortimer is a "variation" of the name of (St.) Muredach, first bishop of Killala; and cites as his authority *Baptismal and Confirmation Names*, by Edward F. Smith.

The author of the book cited evidently has confounded two distinct Gaelic personal names. The name that is Anglicized Mortimer is "Muirceartach" (from "muir," sea, and "ceart," right), a Kerry name, meaning "sea director", "expert at sea", "able navigator". This name is not a Saint's name and does not appear in any record or chronicle of Irish saints. The family name derived therefrom is Anglicized Moriarty. Incidentally, Mortimer is an alien name, probably Norman-French, is not merely a "variation" of, but an arbitrary substitution for Muirceartach.

The name of the first bishop of Killala is spelled in Irish "Muireadac" ("d" silent; "c" a guttural "h"),

meaning simply a seaman, or mariner. There are two Irish saints of this name. The Latin form is Muredachus and the first bishop of Killala is known ecclesiastically as St. Muredach. The name has never been Anglicized and, except the Latinized form, has never been changed by translation, assimilation, "variation", or otherwise. The name as a personal name was in common use in the western and midland sections of Ireland, and the family name derived therefrom is Anglicized O'Murray. "Murray" is a fair approximation of the Irish pronunciation of the personal name, as is evidenced by the name of an island in Donegal Bay to which St. "Muredach" retired to end his life after resigning from the See of Killala. This island (Ir. "Innis") has ever since borne his name, namely, Innismurray (see "Killala," in Cath. Enyc.).

To conclude: Your dictum in the April issue of *THE SIGN* that Mortimer is not a saint's name, is correct.

RICHMOND HILL, N. Y.

PADRAIC MACDUIBHIR

### HOUSEWIVES DISAGREE

EDITOR OF *THE SIGN*:

I do not always find time to read *THE SIGN* from cover to cover. But I always look through it and read some. It so happens I read tonight much in the August issue, which I enjoyed and admired. But—please—I want to take exception to a communication which appeared in your "Letters" department under the title "Of Interest to Women" and signed "Catholic Housewife, Albany, N. Y." My hope is that you will not put in any household articles of fashion—or cookery. Please keep your magazine literary. Mrs. Albany Catholic Housewife can get all the household hints that one person can use in countless other ways at practically no cost (daily and Sunday papers have suggestions) and even if she cannot afford many subscriptions to magazines surely she must have friends who subscribe to different periodicals.

I think *THE SIGN* is splendid. I send it regularly, with many other Catholic periodicals, to missions. My remailing is quite an expensive item, but I hope it does some good.

CATHOLIC HOUSEWIFE AND MOTHER.

WINONA, MINN.

EDITOR OF *THE SIGN*:

May I take this opportunity to beg you to disregard, politely but firmly, the request of "Catholic Housewife" (in the August number) for articles on "home management, home decoration, fashions, etc." Please keep *THE SIGN* just what it is—a source of Catholic information, culture, social principles, and inspiration. There are plenty of other periodicals which appeal to the "distaff side." Keep *THE SIGN* to its own field, which it most perfectly fulfills.

BROOKLYN, N. Y. ANOTHER AMERICAN HOUSEWIFE

### APPEAL FOR CHAPLAINS' AID

EDITOR OF *THE SIGN*:

We are quite sure that there are many Catholics who would take an active interest in Catholic Action if they knew of some organization to which a little would mean a lot.

A lot to the Chaplains' Aid Association would mean

an increased membership at one dollar a year. A number of dollars means thousands of prayer books, rosaries, medals, and other religious articles for the Catholic boys in the Service. A number of dollars means complete altar equipment for the Army or Navy chaplain to say Mass for the boys wherever they may be. A number of dollars means altar breads for the Catholic boys' monthly, and very often weekly, reception of their Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ in Holy Communion—at an Army Post or aboard a battleship, or at a C.C.C. camp.

A membership of one dollar a year will be of tremendous help in safeguarding the faith of our boys away from home.

And it will give a Catholic the satisfaction of being an active Catholic Actionist. We plead for One Dollar!

401 WEST 59TH ST.,

NEW YORK, N. Y. THE CHAPLAINS' AID ASSOCIATION.

### NOW THERE IS BEAUTY

EDITOR OF *THE SIGN*:

In the May issue of *THE SIGN* I read a review of *Now There is Beauty*, by Sister M. Therese, Sor. D.S. I was very glad to see that you commended so highly certain of her poems. There is no doubt but that many of your readers also feel that these are among her best liked and most often praised selections. However, there is one point that I would like to call to the attention of your reviewer. I believe that one who writes book reviews is as much interested in the accuracy of his statements as he is anxious to pass a just opinion on the merits of the book. The reviewer expresses his opinion that the poems which he has singled out are "too fine to be marred by earlier fumbings." I have had the privilege during the last year of reading much of Sister Therese's writing upon its completion. Of all the poems included in her collection none were written before the ones named by the reviewer with the exception of "Dolor."

The poems included in this collection were selected by one of America's outstanding poets and writers. This poet considers Sister Therese's sonnets as her best work. I was sorry to note the absence of any comment by your reviewer on these sonnets.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

MARGARET LAWLER.

### THANKSGIVINGS TO ST. JUDE

S.G., Elmira, N.Y.; M.L.H., Mt. Adams, Ohio; M.C.M., New York, N.Y.; H.Z., Cleveland, Ohio; M.C., Albany, N.Y.; J.McG., Jersey City, N.J.; R.S., Upper Darby, Pa.; L.E.F., Brooklyn, N.Y.; M.G.B., Neponset, L.I.; K.T.McG., West Hartford, Conn.

### GENERAL THANKSGIVINGS

Blessed Mother, M.M.W., Troy, N.Y.; W.J.W., Philadelphia, Pa.; P.E.S., Salem, Mass.; Poor Souls, M.C.Y., Chicago, Ill.; A.M.G., Medford, Mass.; St. Anthony, D.K., Pittsburgh, Pa.; Sacred Heart, M.H., Mantua; N.J.; St. Gemma, A.M.F., New York, N.Y.; Precious Blood, L.H., Cleveland, O.; Sacred Heart, Blessed Mother, St. Joseph, St. Anne, M.S.P.W., Newark, N.J.; Sacred Heart, Blessed Mother, St. Joseph, C.T.W., Philadelphia, Pa.; M.L.N., Brooklyn, N.Y.; P.F.B., Medford, Mass.; D.D., Jersey City, N.J.; S.M.L., Paterson, N.J.; R.M., West Somerville, Mass.; F.S., Templeton, Iowa; A.McI., New York, N. Y.

# CATEGORICA •

THE WORLD IN WHICH WE  
LIVE AS SEEN THROUGH  
THE EYES OF OTHERS

## Soviet Humor

• IN THE HUMOROUS STORIES coming from Soviet Russia there is as much truth as fiction. By Edward F. Murphy, S.S.J., in the "Preservation of the Faith":

For instance, there was the one about a poor old woman limping along a street in Leningrad and bent beneath a bundle on her thin back. "Babushka, hop on board," invited a kindly conductor, stopping his street-car. "No, no thanks," she mumbled toothlessly, a gleam of shrewdness in her filmy eye, "I'm in a hurry!"

Another example of vermilion merriment was a yarn about a comrade walking who met a comrade running. "Where are you going?" shouted the leisurely one. "Hunting," said the other, without slackening his pace. "What!" exclaimed the first, "hunting! Where are your guns?" "Behind me," snapped the speedster, throwing a glance over his shoulder at a group of G.P.U. gentlemen with fixed weapons.

Looking back, we see prophetic illumination in the twice-told tale of the little Russian girl who shrilly announced: "Mama, the tax collector is here." Said the mother: "All right, darling; I'll be right down. Give the comrade a chair." The child paused a moment, perplexed. "A chair, mama," she re-shrilled. "But that won't do! He wants all the furniture."

There is more of a sigh than a smile in the connected episode of an absolutely nude man entering a Russian train and, when asked his reason for such an appearance, explained: "I'm from Minsk where they've just completed a Five Year Plan." And there is less of a smile than a sigh in the picture of the Commissar of Internal Trade accusing the Commissar of Health: "When you assumed office, a decade ago, there was malaria in Russia, and there still is!"—only to be counter-challenged by the latter: "When you went into office at the same time as me, there was food, and now there isn't."

A white Russian, about to be executed, was invited by the authorities to make a final request. He made it. "I wish to become a Communist," he announced. "And why?" his enemies cheerfully probed. "Because, if I become a Communist and you kill me," he explained, "there will be at least one scoundrel less in the world."

## Upsetting the Balance

• SOME OF THE EVIL EFFECTS OF man's imprudent interference with nature are related by Alan Devoe in the "American Mercury":

It is a curious thing that the human race, which gives a good deal of careful attention to bank balances,

regards power-politics balances with serious scrutiny, and is willing to devote a lot of concentrated energy even to the art of balancing on bicycles, has always had a taste for reckless interference with the balance of nature.

There was the introduction, for instance, of rabbits into Australia and New Zealand. Within a few years after this unhappy feat, in 1864, the Australian rabbits had multiplied to so huge a horde that the legislature had to take action; in New Zealand the rabbit-swarms were eating the grass in such quantity that New Zealand sheep by thousands were dying of starvation. It was not until decades had passed that the alien rabbits found, as the ecological phrase has it, their "niche."...

The disturbing results of man's whimsical transplantation of rabbits have been matched in the case of many of his other similar experiments. Annoyed by rats in the West Indian island of Jamaica, man imported the mongoose which, in an alien land, away from its natural surroundings and normal enemies, multiplied with huge fecundity. It fed on Jamaican birds, Jamaican fruits; it ate poultry and slaughtered small domestic animals. At present in Jamaica a dead mongoose is worth a bounty. It is no more esteemed than is our own brown rat, injudiciously transported to American shores about 1775; or our alien gypsy moth which has prospered frighteningly because its normal parasites are not here.

## Ireland Today

• SEAN O'FAOLAIN records his impressions of travel in Eire in the "Irish Digest":

We are as gaily inefficient as the Austrians. And how easy it makes life! The Government ordered a blackout. Then it said that that was only just to get us ready, so to speak. Then it said that after November 8th we should all have to blackout rigidly, and they drew up rules as long as your arm. Then they said it didn't matter, but that we should be prepared for a blackout if necessary. Everybody went jet-black for the first week. Then the drama of the thing faded. Nobody blacks out now. The blue has washed off almost all the bulbs.

I saw a letter in the press from a resident in Dalkey, complaining that the street lighting was scandalous. In Cork, where I stayed a week, no taxi uses its meter. I fought them every day over it. I hauled one man before a Civic Guard. The Guard said: "Yerrah, give him his half-dollar and be done with him." (It was a shilling and sixpenny ride.) I said: "But doesn't the law compel him to use his meter?" The Guard sighed. "Anything for a quiet life," he advised. . . .

I met no bad hotel. The provincial press is good:



and far superior to any London popular daily. The Irish revival is a corpse and is supported only because we love miracles. The only people who now want revolution in Ireland are the gold-fish; and we have no gold-fish: the rest merely hate England.

The most interesting county, after Cork, is Mayo: the most magical is Sligo. The wettest county is Leitrim, and to travel through it is like traveling with a tearful but lovely woman, for it has great pathos and charm. Dublin is a parlor full of bailiffs—a city we never built and which we have not yet made our own.

It is as lovely to watch and describe as crystals forming slowly in some solution that has taken years to make, and which is only gradually disclosing itself in the precipitate of its final claim. I found Ireland a quiet country, where everybody keeps on being appalled at the immorality and lawlessness of the English.

### The Supply of Quinine

• WAR MAY CUT OFF THE supply of quinine used for the cure and relief of malaria. The importance of the problem is stressed by J. D. Ratcliff in "Collier's":

A grim little drama is being enacted in the marshes around Russia's Black Sea, in river eddies in South China and in the bayous of Louisiana. It has nothing to do with war or international complications, but it spells death for 3½ million human beings in the next twelve months.

In all these places summer has warmed stagnant waters. Minute wrigglers dart to the surface. Soon these wrigglers will become mosquitoes. They will bite men with malaria, absorb the malarial parasites and pass the disease along to others whose blood was previously clean.

Malaria is Killer No. 1 that silently stalks the warm, damp places of the earth. Microbes of this disease are responsible for a third of all sickness in the tropics. This year they will kill over a million human beings in India. They will account for thousands of lives in Ceylon, and in our own South the death toll will be about 3,000, and malaria will debilitate people so that they are easy prey for other diseases.

Medicine has one principal buttress against this slaughter. It is the miracle drug with a romantic history: quinine. Millions know that their lives depend on it. The unimaginative simply swallow a daily pill to prevent malaria; or gulp great dizzying doses to cure it. Others take it in the form of "gin and tonic water"—seltzer fortified with quinine. . . .

All these deaths, all this needless suffering and lost labor, understand, take place when quinine is readily available. Anyone can make a guess as to what would happen if the supply were suddenly cut off. The distinct possibility of this happening is causing a fine case of jitters in the health ministries of most of the world's major countries.

Nearly every ounce of quinine in world-export trade originates at Java in the Netherlands Indies. Hostile submarines could snip this supply line with a few well-placed torpedoes. In terms of human lives the result of such action would be far more devastating than anything Hitler has been able to accomplish with his complete war.

### Sales Resistance of the Nose

• PERFUMERS ARE DOING A good job of breaking down the sales resistance of the nose, according to Ray Giles, writing in "Advertising and Selling":

Last Christmas chocolate-scented rubber dogs were a hit in department stores. New shower curtains give off a pleasant fragrance only when the water strikes them. A manufacturer of scented carbon paper and typewriter ribbons is making a hit; so is a manufacturer of "spicy-smelling" pencils which stenographers find refreshing. A famous bus line is experimenting with perfumed gasoline as a builder of public good will; for the same reason a railroad is trying perfumed fuel for its diesel engines on suburban trains.

Odorizing makes artificial flowers smell like nature's counterparts, and scenting can make artificial leather smell like the real thing. It can subtract the smell of hide from genuine leather, though that is done only in special cases, for most people, particularly the men, enjoy the smell of leather. A manufacturer of dog toiletries gives his products the faint aroma of fields-and-leather and the dogs and their owners seem to enjoy it. Recently a pharmacist wrote in: "I want a spray that will make my place smell like a real prescription pharmacy instead of a lunch counter."

### Why England Fights Germany

• MANY ENGLISHMEN have revealed why they are fighting Germany. Christopher Hollis tells his reasons in "The Clergy Review" of London:

We perfectly freely confess that it is not because of its hostility to Christianity that the average Englishman is today fighting Germany. He is not fighting for that reason. As little is he fighting for any deeply sinister reason. I cannot see how any person who has made any study whatsoever of English opinion can doubt at all why the average Englishman is fighting. He is not fighting primarily for the sake of Poland nor for any other one particular reason. It was certainly a mere accident that Poland happened to be the next incident after our patience was exhausted. He is not fighting because he objects to this demand or that demand of the Germans. As long as he could persuade himself that there was any possibility of satisfying the Nazis by satisfying particular demands, the Englishman was very ready to make the attempt. He was criticized—and sometimes by the same people who are now criticizing him for fighting Hitler—because he went too far in concession to him.

The Englishman fought Hitler in the end simply because he was convinced that there was no possibility of tranquillity in the world as long as Hitler was still in power. He was convinced that it would be sheer waste of time to concede any more of Hitler's "final demands," because, the demands conceded, a new set of grievances would be at once manufactured and a new crisis sprung upon the world. The world would have to make a stand sooner or later, so, that being so, it might as well make it sooner rather than later. That is what we in England felt. Can anybody seriously or honestly think that we were wrong?

## The Role of Youth

• THIS MAY INDEED BE THE *age of youth, but in the past too youth has done its part. From "People and Places" in the "Catholic Fireside":*

Joan of Arc was 17 when she delivered France.

At 18, Charles XII of Sweden began his remarkable military career by defeating a vast army of Russians.

Charles V (Hapsburg), a youth of 19, became ruler of the largest empire the Christian world has ever seen.

Twenty-three-year-old Washington saved Braddock's army from destruction.

Don John of Austria broke the Turkish fleet at Lepanto when only 24.

Keats was only 26 when death ended his remarkable career as a poet, while at the same age Henry the Navigator (of Portugal) began his naval school which led to numerous great discoveries.

At 27, Alexander conquered the world.

Alexander Graham Bell was 29 when he patented the telephone.

Thomas Jefferson wrote the American Declaration of Independence when he was 33.

## Traffic Regulations in the Orient

• FROM PAST COMMANDER V. M. ARMSTRONG the "*American Legion*" quotes the following *Rules of the Road in the Orient*:

At the rise of the hand of a policeman, stop rapidly. Do not pass him by or otherwise disrespect him.

When a passenger of the foot hove in sight, tootle the horn trumpet to him melodiously at first. If he still obstacles your passage, tootle him with a vigor and express by word of mouth the warning "hi-hi."

Beware of the wandering horse that he shall not take fright as you pass him by. Do not explode the exhaust box at him. Go soothingly by or stop at by the roadside till he shall pass away.

Go soothingly by on the grease mud as there lurk the skid demon.

Press the brake of the foot as you roll around the corners to save the collapse and tie-up.

## Foreign Born Parents Furnish Soldiers

• HADDON IVINS, in the "*Hudson Dispatch*," lists the number of sons of foreign-born parents in the *Citizens Military Training Camp in Plattsburg, N. Y.*

There are 37 nationalities represented in the *Citizens Military Training Camp at Plattsburg, N. Y.*, this year. This means that the sons of foreign-born parents run to that number, as shown by a poll taken by officers.

Of 1,811 replies tabulated, 470, or 26 per cent, indicated Irish descent, while 291 boys, or 16 per cent, claimed Italian parentage. Other nationalities represented among the parents of the boys in camp and the number in each nationality, are as follows:

American 250, German 190, English 176, Polish 100, French 69, Scotch 49, Russian 41, Dutch 29, Swedish 13, Greek 9, Spanish 8, Slavic 7, Austrian 6, Welsh 6, Hun-

garian 5, Puerto Rican 5, Norwegian 4, Mexican 4, Czechoslovakian 4, Lithuanian 3, Syrian 2, Danish 2, Irish-German 2, Swedish-Irish 2, Scotch-Irish 2, Canadian 2, Armenian 2, Finnish 2.

Parents of the following nationalities have one boy in camp: English-French, English-German, Mohawk-Dutch, Spanish-Hungarian, Albanian, Rumanian, Turkish, Yugoslav, Belgian, Swiss, Portuguese, Ukrainian.

## Drivers: Good and Bad

• SOME INTERESTING DATA ON *automobile drivers as presented by John Winter in the "American Magazine":*

Psychologists and scientists of the Bureau for Street Traffic Research of Harvard University, after years of examining automobile drivers from Maine to California, have concluded that the best driver is in his middle age, between 25 and 55, and is never slower than 95 per cent in his reactions in emergencies, 100 per cent being normal.

The bureau's investigations show that most accidents happen because the driver: (1) is too slow in applying his brake; (2) has difficulty steering the car; (3) cannot estimate the speed of cars passing him or going in the same direction; (4) is blinded by oncoming headlights; (5) has trouble with his eyes; (6) has poor judgment; or (7) goes to pieces in an emergency.

They show, too, that an athlete, man or woman, usually is a good driver because he has trained himself to co-ordinate mind and body. There are more accident repeaters among single persons than among married persons. A driver who scrimps and saves to buy his automobile is seldom a repeater, because he values his property too highly to risk an accident. The average woman in an accident puts her hands in the air and screams. The average man grips the wheel and becomes tense and silent.

## Charity in War Time

• IN TIME of crisis virtues are practiced which, perhaps, would not be exercised in time of peace. "*The Weekly Review*" of London tells the following story of charity.

Here is a true story. An Englishman, whose wife had a baby five days old, had to escape with them from Paris at the approach of the Germans. He traveled by car to a point on the Loire where a ferry was plying, but on his arrival there found a crowd of some thousands of French refugees waiting to cross. A French woman, seeing the mother and baby, passed the word through the crowd, which at once made way and insisted that they should not be kept waiting but cross at once. This they did and arrived later at Bordeaux where a ship was on the point of sailing for England. On inquiry the Englishman found that there was no room for more passengers. Immediately two French women who had booked their places in the ship came forward and handed over their guarantees for embarkation to the Englishman and his wife. They refused to go on board themselves and remained adamant in their determination to take the slender chance of obtaining a passage on a later ship.



# BOOKS



## No Other Man

By ALFRED NOYES

This is as fantastic a tale as has ever come from the pen of a Jules Verne or an H. G. Wells; with the all-important difference, that it is in reality a Catholic allegory.

After an hundred years of strife the world is destroyed through its own folly. The twelve leading nations of the world engage in a protracted war, in the course of which each nation has sworn to fight to the last man and if necessary unleash upon society its own "secret weapon." Each nation suspects that the others have some knowledge of this weapon, but each is confident that the knowledge of the others is not as full as its own. The twelve nations let loose the dreadful weapon almost simultaneously. It is a deadly aerial current which paralyzes the hearts of men and beasts.

All mankind is wiped out except Evelyn Hamilton, an American girl who has been studying in Italy; an English medical student by the name of Mark Adams; Martok, who is supposed to be the incarnation of the evil which has destroyed society, and the Franciscan monks and the peasants of the old-world town of Assisi.

The story is an attempted interpretation of the decline of western civilization. Noyes see modern society reduced to a soulless mechanism—a triumphant and godless state—which has reduced the individuals which compose it to non-entities. It is the resultant cynicism of the few men who actually control society which leads to humanity's destruction. He says, in effect, that the reason for the growth of this mechanized and soulless humanity is the loss of God. Men, during the last one hundred years, have ceased to seek God *positively*, and he tells us that once that happens, society is sure to be swept to destruction.

The argument is not a new one, but presented as it is here in the lofty and beautiful style of Alfred Noyes, the impression left on the reader is a most forceful and lasting one.

*Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. \$2.50.*

## Madame Dorthea

By SIGRID UNDSET

Sigrid Undset's latest novel is a story of Norwegian life at the end of the eighteenth century. Although the setting is in the past, and although the author re-creates that setting with a characteristic accuracy of detail and vividness of coloring, such is the authenticity of her picture of human life that the story transcends time and gives the reader the feeling that it is taking place in the present. The historical backdrop is the Norway of 150 years ago, but the characters that play their part on the stage are human beings possessed of those human qualities and defects which vary little if at all with the passage of time.

Madame Dorthea is the loving and contented wife of the director of a glass works in a small Norwegian town. When the story opens, on a stormy night in early spring, Madame Dorthea's two sons have disappeared with their drunken tutor. Her husband, Thestrup, sets out in search of them, and although the boys return their father is never heard from again.

Madame Dorthea is heartbroken but realizes that for the sake of the children she must not permit herself the luxury of indulging her sorrow, nor waste her energies in useless grief. She gathers her family more closely to herself and begins courageously the task of building a new life on new foundations.

Although there is no hint of it in the book itself nor from the publishers, the inconclusiveness of the

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story would seem to indicate that it will be continued in a sequel. We hope so. So much that is trivial in modern fiction is being accepted as good writing and being "canonized" by admission to the best-seller lists that it is refreshing to read the work of a really great contemporary writer.

*Alfred A. Knopf, New York. \$2.50.*

## So Falls the Elm Tree

By JOHN LOUIS BONN, S.J.

*So Falls the Elm Tree* is the life story of Mother Ann Valencia of the Sisters of St. Joseph, of Hartford, Conn., militant foundress of the now famous St. Francis Hospital. Within a compact compass the author conserves for posterity the memory of the imperishable achievement, the personal holiness, and the human foibles of this great daughter of Chambray.

Coming to America at the end of the last century, poor in monetary means but rich in spiritual resource, unlettered in the language of this longitude but fluent in the universal idiom of prayer, disdaining the crippling caution of less clay but with unshaken confidence in the Providence of God and the guardianship of St. Joseph, this unusual religious built and brought to brilliant success one of the largest Catholic hospitals on the Atlantic seaboard.

Mother Valencia was a unique and multiple personality who saw the Man of Sorrows personalized and dramatized in the hungry, the pain-smitten and the poor. In all it is a dynamic diary, well told, with all the high tragedy, pathos, and humor which strangely congress in white wards, out-patient clinics, and surgical service. The literary style on the whole is good. But there is an obvious stretch for the melodramatic and the climactic, which has the ill-effect of holding down the loud pedal too long.

*The Macmillan Co., New York. \$2.50.*



## ST. GEMMA



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THE SIGN, Union City, N.J.

## Late Harvest

By OLIVE B. WHITE

This is the story of Alice Collingridge and Ridge Hall in Berkshire, England, in the turbulent days of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. It is a faithful picture of the struggle of the average upper-class Catholic family to preserve property, sanity, and life at a time when every one of their words and actions were suspect. It is the story of the heroic effort of the Catholics in those days to preserve their allegiance to sovereign and country without sacrificing one iota of the principles of the Catholic faith in which they had been born and brought up and which they loved more than life itself.

Some reviewers have criticized the story on the ground that it is too historical and scholarly and therefore not dramatic enough. That has been just the trouble with too many historical novels of late. They have distorted history for the sake of romance. We dare to say that the lover of historical novels will not find this work one whit less interesting, pa-

thetic, or vital because of Miss White's faithful casting of the story against the background of truth.

We can say of *Late Harvest* what Basil Davenport said of Miss White's former work *The King's Good Servant* in the *Book-of-the-Month Club News*: "It is a sound piece of work, and will undoubtedly be highly interesting to Catholics—as well as to others with a penchant toward English history."

The Macmillan Company, New York. \$2.50.

## Towards Loving the Psalms

By C. C. MARTINDALE, S.J.

The title which Father Martindale has given this book suggests adequately its nature. It is not a scientific study of the Psalms, nor is it a commentary on them; it is rather a very stimulating incentive toward loving the Psalms.

The book has been divided into two sections. In the first section the author gives us a series of essays on how to read the Psalms; in the second section he has grouped several meditations on the Psalms.

The first section of the book reveals that Father Martindale is quite conversant with the many problems which the Psalms present. He has given some very fine directions for understanding the Semitic mentality and the turns of thought which the nature of the Hebrew language imposes.

While the author does not professedly deal with problems of textual criticism, he indicates that he is conversant with them, and he suggests the correct reading of the text from time to time where this is necessary for a better understanding of the Psalm.

The meditations are well thought out, and remain in the Psalm idiom, so that there is no violent transfer of thought from the solid substratum of the Psalm to some far-distant spiritual reflections.

It is regretted that a chapter was not included on Hebrew Parallelism that there might be a better understanding of the structural beauty of the Psalms.

However, it is a fine book, and contains much excellent matter. It should be of great value to both clergy and laity alike, and to all those who desire to grow to love the Psalms.

Sheed & Ward, New York. \$2.75.

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## John Baptist de La Salle

By MARTIN DEMPSEY

Group education of the young has become so familiar to us that we are apt to overlook the fact that as a highly developed and standardized institution, it has enjoyed an existence of scarcely more than two centuries. Formerly, even in places where colleges and universities offered well designed courses to all coming to their doors, the primary education of the rank and file was left to individual agencies, often insufficiently equipped for this vital task.

It remained for a group of pioneers, founders and foundresses of teaching societies, to place elementary education on a broad and scientific scale, thereby claiming at long last a due recognition of the seriousness of the problem.

Among this number, St. John Baptist de La Salle takes an immortal place. Fitted by all the gifts of nature to play an important part in the governing activities of the Church, this distinguished French cleric found himself cast by the mysterious dispensations of Providence into a life of obscure, weary plodding toward the realization of an ideal,—the Christian education of the poor in free schools.

The present book is a distinct contribution to a better appreciation of this great educator's success, and chronicles, besides, in considerable detail, the life story of the Institute founded by him,—the Brothers of the Christian Schools.

Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee, Wis. \$2.50.

## To the Indies

By C. S. FORESTER

Those who are familiar with the author's *Captain Horatio Hornblower* will be greatly disappointed with this volume. Hollywood seems to have poisoned Mr. Forester's pen.

Don Narciso Rich, described on the blurb as a "liberal" of the fifteenth century, in an impulsive moment volunteers to accompany Columbus on his third voyage in order to investigate the condition of His Majesty's colonies. Interest is stimulated in this rather introspective hero by creating much adventure and adding a typical Hollywood shipwreck. There is no heroine, but the escapades of the crew take care of this detail.

To the *Indies* is a compendium of ancient slurs and falsehoods directed at the Church and Catholic life. Space does not permit the reviewer to give an adequate selection of these sly quips of Mr. Forester. Poor ignorant Indians, for example, are burned at the stake due to the insistence of the Church and her priests. Columbus is described as having a "fanatical devotion" to the Blessed Virgin, and one gets weary of the constant references to the Inquisition. Page 157 remains as a monument to the novelist's unfairness.

While Mr. Forester is decidedly a better than average writer, this book adds little to his reputation. To the *Indies* is a poor novel ornamented with falsehoods. The reviewer recommends that this volume be placed on a high shelf and then forgotten.

Little, Brown & Co., Boston, Mass. \$2.50.

### A Companion to the Summa: III, the Fullness of Life

By WALTER FARRELL, O.P.

This is the second volume of a series of four explaining the teaching of Saint Thomas. The first, entitled *The Pursuit of Happiness*, covered the First Part of the Second Section of the *Summa Theologica*. The present volume deals with the Second Part of the Second Section, which treats of the way man must walk in order to reach God, his ultimate goal, the virtues to be practiced and the evils to be avoided.

Doctor Farrell continues the excellent work begun in his first volume. He reduces to popular language the heavy and dry doctrine of the *Summa* and applies it in a thoroughly competent and interesting way. The book is not a servile commentary but a free exposition of the thought of the Master. So much thought is packed into each chapter

that only a little should be read at one time. Such close reasoning is not the usual intellectual food of moderns. The use of the book will acquaint the intelligent laity with the solidity and beauty of Saint Thomas' immortal work. There is an index.

Sheed & Ward, New York. \$3.50.

### Catholic Periodical Index

Everyone who has used the *Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature* or similar reference works will welcome the *Catholic Periodical Index* which serves as a key to "important sources of information on Catholic thought and action."

The volume, now available, indexes the contents of fifty-two periodicals and many newspapers and bulletins from Austria, England, Ireland, the United States and Vatican City for the four-year period from January 1930 through December 1933. This is the foundation volume of a continuous service. Work upon a similar volume to cover the years 1934 through 1938 is now in progress.

Indexing of these periodicals for the year 1939 is available in a six months issue, January through June, to be superseded soon by a bound volume scheduled for publication in the late spring of 1940. Publication will be continued by quarterly numbers which will be superseded by bound volumes annually.

Like many bibliographic publications, the price of the Catholic Periodical Index varies according to the size of the library or need by the individual. The price applying to any institution or individual will be quoted by the H. W. Wilson Company, 950 University Avenue, New York, N. Y.

### Collected Poems

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The poet of Palace Court has been accorded a distinguished niche in the Catholic Literary Revival. Her delicate verses represent a passion for perfection of form that came inevitably to rest in an exceptionally polished classicism. Gertrude Atherton strikes a balanced, if iconoclastic, note of appreciation, recognizing the flaws, conceding the achievements. Her sketch in acid of a visit to the vague, not-of-this-world salon-mistress on a divan, fully prepared to ecstaticize over anything from a

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fly to a figurine while the children riot about the house with drawers dragging and noses running, has critical implications.

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*Burns, Oates & Washbourne Lt., London. 4/-*

### Catholic Social Theory

By WILLIAM SCHWER, S.T.D.

The quondam dean of the School of Divinity at Bonn University and obtaining professor of Christian Social Theory at the same university has elaborated another volume on sociology. It is an effort at systematizing the principles and tenets of sociology as such. Perhaps it might be aptly designated as fundamental sociology.

The work is divided into eleven chapters treating of the concept of society, the historical development of what we call sociology, root notions of the theories of society as such, law and society, the family, the state, and the foundation of free social processes.

The Holy See is very keen that Catholics, both leaders and the rank and file, be well informed on sociological problems. Such knowledge is most valuable in these days of changing governments and strongly organized "ism-exponents." Dr. Schwer's contribution may be helpful to some professors at colleges and universities. Obviously, he can be expected to be well informed on his subject and to have given plenty of thought to its presentation. Some chapters, especially that on the family, are well done indeed. Other chapters, especially where due attention is given to law in society, are unimpressive. This is not a book to be read but a book to be studied; in fact parts of the book must be wrestled with to obtain a full victory over what the author is intent upon explaining.

*B. Herder Book Co., St. Louis, Mo. \$2.75.*

### SHORTER NOTES

#### THE MOTHER OF JESUS

By HENRI MORICE

Translated by Clara Meigs Sands, R.S.C.J.

Here is a story of the two greatest personalities that ever lived and its very simplicity makes it dynamic. Since religion is the relationship between God and man, the relationship between Jesus and His Mother, between the Creator and His fairest creature, is the classic example of religion. The complete relation between Jesus and His Mother is a mosaic that blinds us with its grandeur, but Canon Morice has taken individual pieces of this mosaic and in them we can see the grandeur without blinding ourselves. The incidents related in the Gospels form the chief basis for a study of Mother and Son and they are treated in a new and refreshing light. Other incidents not related in the Gospels but probably happening, also bring out the similarity between Mother and Son, which similarity we must share as sons of Mary and brothers of Christ. This book might well serve priests engaged in frequent preaching on the Blessed Virgin.

*P. J. Kenedy, New York. \$2.00.*

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#### DEW ON THE THORN: VOL. III

This third volume of verse by the students of Marywood College commemorates the silver jubilee of that institution's foundation. Ineptitudes there certainly are within its covers, but for those who expect only naïveté and gaucherie from a college anthology, we recommend a reading. Individual poems manifest a surprising awareness of fundamental problems. One expects from youth the occasional incisive image and lines clear as a struck bell; one is scarcely prepared for their integration in not a few distinguished lyrics. Marywood harbors some promising daughters of the singer of the Magnificat.

*Marywood College, Scranton, Pa.*

#### THE CANON LAW ON SERMON PREACHING

By JAMES MC VANN, C.S.P.

The subject of this doctoral dissertation in the faculty of Canon Law of the Gregorian University is one of perennial interest. It covers the subject from the canonical viewpoint in a clear and thorough manner. Recently a group of lay people started a movement for greater emphasis on sermon preaching and received wide support from both clergy and laity. This study proves that whatever evils exist in this matter are not due to lack of legislation and authoritative urgings. A good index is provided.

*The Paulist Press, New York. \$1.00.*

#### THEOLOGIA DOGMATICO-SCHOLASTICA

By ARCHBISHOP ZUBIZARRETA, O.C.D.

While the European war has cut off such a large supply of our theological, philosophical, and canonical works it is encouraging indeed to note that this new edition of the monumental work of the Carmelite Archbishop of Santiago in Cuba can be obtained.

Following exactly the thought of the Angelic Doctor, the author has arranged his work in manual form so that it can be heartily recommended as a textbook or a reference work in dogmatic theology. This reviewer has heard it highly praised by the learned Dominican professors at the Angelicum in Rome, and uses it constantly in preparing lectures for students of dogma. It is hoped that this work will be found in every theological library in the country.

*The Newman Bookshop, Westminster, Md. 4 vol. paper \$4.50*

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This is an invaluable handbook and guide for educators and parents and all those who are interested in the problem of the adolescent.

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## THE PROSPECTS OF PHILOSOPHY

By JOHN J. ROLBIECKI

This book was written with the hope of stimulating the intellectual processes of its readers. It does this admirably. It is chiefly concerned with the relative position of philosophy in the household of the sciences. The author focuses attention upon various problems which are the common concern of philosophy and science. His brief is, of course, that there should be no conflict between the philosopher and the scientist. In his closing chapter Professor Rolbiecki predicts a bright future for philosophy in the United States.

The book is written in an easily readable style. It will be useful to those who are interested in the synthesis of the various branches of knowledge.

Bensinger Brothers, New York. **\$2.50.**

## RADIO REPLIES, Vol. II

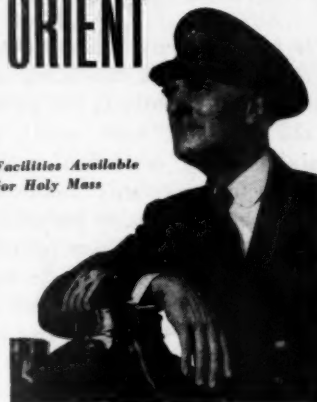
By LESLIE RUMBLE, M.S.C., and CHARLES M. CARTY

The first volume of *Radio Replies* produced so many good effects among Catholics and non-Catholics, that Dr. Rumble and his collaborator decided to bring out another volume of questions and answers on the Catholic faith and related topics. There are over 1,400 questions and answers in this book, which were first broadcast over the radio by Dr. Rumble in New South Wales. They are entirely new and are concerned

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and then in North Carolina, where he now resides as pastor of Mother of Mercy Mission.

The intellectual capacity and religious background of his hearers necessitated simplicity and clarity in teaching sacred doctrine. To them the Catholic Church is a great puzzle. Catholic terms must be paraphrased in words that they can understand. But the author's intention to be simple and clear is accomplished without the sacrifice of truth.

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ceptions, to which his hearers are especially subject. He testifies that his method "worked," which is proof of its value. He published the result of his labors for "adults who are interested enough about Catholicism to wish for more information than is within the easy reach of grammar school pupils." This reviewer echoes Bishop Hafey's statement in his Introduction: "Father Mark of the Passionist Order makes us his debtors by this, the fruit of ripe thinking and wide experience."

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ter from the book, the audience separates into small groups, each with a leader, and discusses the text, coming back to give each its opinion and then to try to weld them all into one—that one containing the essence of the teaching and its application to life. The book has a special value used in this way, but as a help for private meditation it is excellent too, for it shows how practical a thing the Christian ideal really is.

The Paulist Press, New York. \$2.25.

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Jesus felt and shared the inmost sufferings that pierced Mary's soul like a sharp-pointed sword. What pain for Him when He saw her not far from the cross, and what grief there was in the tender look with which they regarded each other! And He saw standing beside her the Apostle of His special predilection. Desiring to give her a final consolation before dying, and to soften the bitter affliction of the rest of her life, He said to her: "Behold thy son." Then, turning His look upon the disciple, He said to him: "Behold thy mother." For Mary, this exchange was unspeakably sad. Who could take her Son's place with her? The principal advantage was for John, and ourselves, to whom Jesus spoke in the person of John, and to whom the Saviour, before breathing His last, gave so great a mark of affection, by entrusting that incomparable treasure to him and to us. At any rate, Mary would not be alone after the death of her Son. Tradition pictures John at her side as long as she lived, comforting her by his attentions. Doubtless this is why we too love Mary so much, place so much confidence in her, and wish ever to remain near her. She is our Life, our Sweetness, and our Hope.

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All requests for leaflets, and all correspondence relating to Gemma's League, should be addressed to Gemma's League, in care of THE SIGN, Union City, New Jersey.

### SPIRITUAL TREASURY

For the Month of August, 1940

Masses Said .....	186
Masses Heard .....	6,774
Holy Communions .....	5,508
Visits to B. Sacrament .....	13,551
Spiritual Communion .....	20,722
Benediction Services .....	3,264
Sacrifices, Sufferings .....	6,810
Stations of the Cross .....	3,592
Visits to the Crucifix .....	9,532
Beads of the Five Wounds .....	1,775
Offerings of PP. Blood .....	13,196
Visits to Our Lady .....	22,842
Rosaries .....	8,232
Beads of the Seven Dolors .....	2,675
Ejaculatory Prayers .....	710,813
Hours of Study, Reading .....	4,187
Hours of Labor .....	7,479
Acts of Kindness, Charity .....	159,241
Acts of Zeal .....	4,284
Prayers, Devotions .....	25,921
Hours of Silence .....	8,319
Various Works .....	15,607
Holy Hours .....	219

## Restrain Not Grace From the Dead

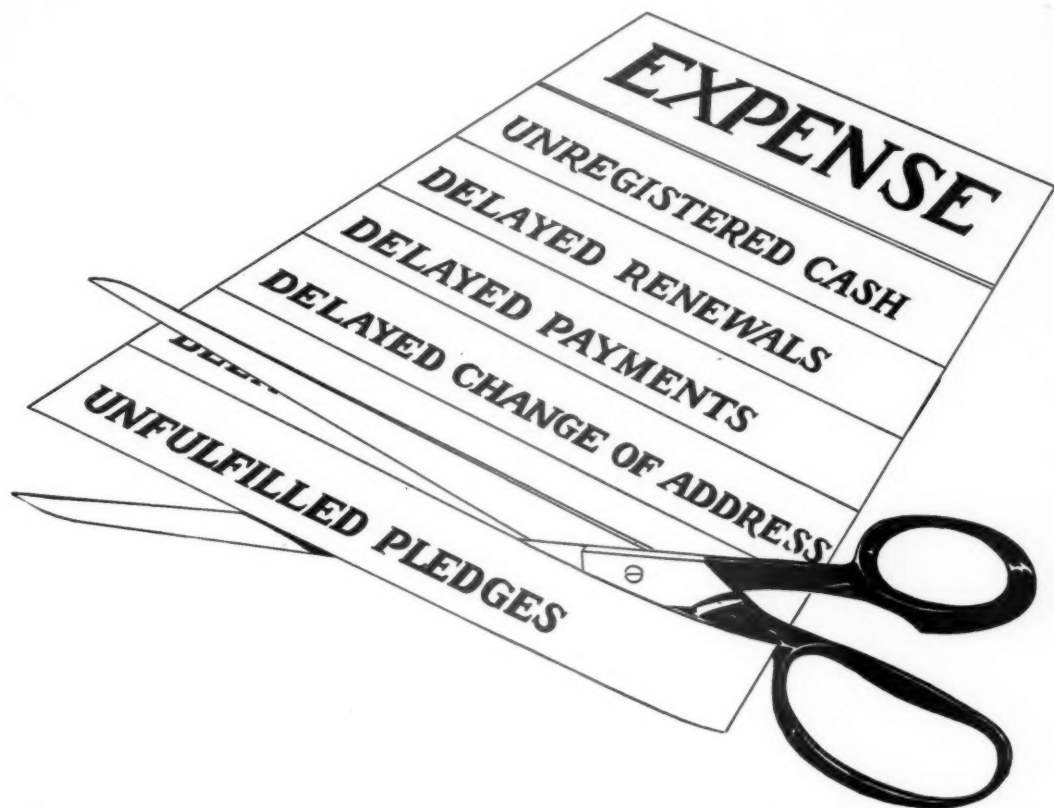
(Ecclus. 7:37)

Kindly remember in your praying and good works the following recently deceased relatives and friends of our subscribers:

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Msgr. James T. Delehanty  
Rt. Rev. Msgr. Michael J. White  
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Rev. F. L. Carr  
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Rev. P. J. Ford  
Rev. Miles Tompkins  
Rev. Christopher O'Flynn  
Sr. M. Magdalene (McAllister)  
Sr. M. Columba (Hayes)  
Sr. Mary Elizabeth  
Sr. M. Stephen  
Sr. M. Justina  
Sr. Mary Vincent (Cunningham)  
Sr. Agnes Loretta (Reilly)  
Daniel F. Gallagher  
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Margaret Flemming  
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Lulu C. Cain  
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James Morley  
John Pilato  
Charles L. Evans  
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Edward S. Dowling  
Mrs. Charles L. Clancy  
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Margaret McManus  
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Mrs. John N. Studer  
Agnes Bresett  
Jane A. Woods  
Bernard Quinn  
Nora McNamara  
Mary L. Burt  
Cecelia A. Grennan  
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John Callaghan  
Henry Farrelly  
Mary Farrelly  
Alban Peter Reynolds  
Anna O'Neil  
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Anna R. Sayers  
Andrew Vogler  
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Catherine Straub  
Fred John Nern  
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May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed through the mercy of God rest in peace.  
—Amen.





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